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# McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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## DENNISON INVESTIGATION HAS STARTED

### Coroner's Jury Holds Two More Sessions in the J. C. Dennison Case.

### NO STARTLING EVIDENCE GIVEN.

**Autopsy Shows Traces of Arsenical Poisoning—Several Witnesses Sworn—Jury Awaits Report of Analysis of Stomach and Other Organs.**

Since our last issue acting Coroner B. L. Knapp and the coroner's jury have held two sessions for the purpose of hearing evidence bearing on the death of the late J. C. Dennison, but as yet have reached no decision in the case. One meeting was held Friday afternoon, and after hearing several witnesses adjourned to meet again Monday evening, at which time four more witnesses were heard when they again adjourned to meet at the call of the acting coroner. The last adjournment was taken for the purpose of awaiting the report of the chemists who are making a careful analysis of the stomach and other organs of the body and their contents, which is expected at most any time.

As yet nothing of a sensational nature has been brought about through the testimony given at the inquest. Although it is generally believed that Mr. Dennison came to his death from arsenical poisoning, positive proof is still lacking that this alone was the cause of his death, and so far no evidence has been given at the inquest which would fasten the crime upon anyone—if crime it proves to be.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander was the first witness sworn Friday afternoon. After answering the usual preliminary questions, District Attorney Melvin had him read the report of the autopsy which was signed by Doctors John Clark, J. C. Brown and W. A. Ostrander. This report was to the effect that strong symptoms of arsenical poisoning were found in the stomach and other organs as well as from the general condition of body. He further stated that in his opinion death was due to poisoning.

Dr. J. C. Brown, the next witness, corroborated the testimony of Dr. Ostrander but was not quite so positive that death was due to poisoning. He did not consider from the appearance of the body that deceased was addicted to the arsenic habit.

Burdette Dickenson, nephew of the deceased, testified that he knew in a general way that Mr. Dennison and his wife did not live happily together. Never had heard any threats made against his life. Said Mr. Dennison had told him, some two weeks before death, that he thought his head was poisoned from the band of a hat which he wore and got wet.

Mrs. C. W. Dickenson, sister of deceased, testified to Mr. Dennison telling of trouble between himself and wife. Noticed rash on face and body before death; tongue swollen.

Mrs. Eber Dennison, daughter-in-law of deceased, testified that she lived with family of deceased several months previous to last December; knew of trouble on account of Mrs. Dennison being jealous without cause; heard wife of deceased say she wished him in hell and would live to dance on his grave. She assisted in taking care of Mr. Dennison during last illness and noticed pink powder in glass of water she had been giving patient. Mrs. Dennison said it was sachet powder which had been sprinkled about room.

Miss Carrie Dickenson, niece, knew in general way of family trouble. Said Mrs. Dennison refused to allow her to take care of her uncle.

Mrs. George Hyde, another niece, was present after death of uncle. Said Mrs. Dennison was unaffected by death of husband. Wished herself dead.

H. C. Wells testified as to selling face lotions and sachet powder to Mrs. Dennison, supposed face lotions contained some poison. Did not sell any arsonic.

Dr. John Clark, the attending physician, swore he was unable to locate any usual disease and suspected toward the last that illness might be due to poisoning, but was in no way certain. He corroborated the testimony given by Dr. Ostrander. Said poisoning from hat band would not cause death nor have any effect on condition of the stomach.

This was all the testimony given at this session and the inquest was adjourned until Monday evening.

C. D. Comes was the first witness called at the Monday session but his evidence was of little or no importance.

Miss Beebe, a nurse in training at the Kane hospital, who came to nurse deceased about thirty hours before his death, was next called. She testified to condition of patient but it did not differ from previous testimony.

F. D. Gallup, with who the deceased was employed, testified to knowing, through talks with Mr. Dennison, of his family troubles. Did not think he would take his own life. No poisons were kept around his barn.

Herman Sasse, the undertaker, testified that the body was in about the usual state of preservation.

This closed the testimony for Monday night and the coroner's jury adjourned to meet at the call of the acting coroner.

### ANCIENT HISTORY.

**Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.**

Mr. W. D. Gallup has moved to Smethport where, we understand, he intends engaging in the mercantile business. He has many friends here who regret to part with him. We wish him success. —Emporium Press.

As Robt. Walters of this borough was going home the other evening he walked off from the abutment of the iron bridge, striking luckily upon his feet in the water up to his waist ten or fifteen feet below. As he fell he struck his hands against the bridge, thus saving himself from striking on his head. No harm was done more than a wetting and the loss of a bundle that he was carrying. It was a very dark night and Bob was excusable, but he was a surprised individual for a few moments.

We are informed by Dr. S. D. Freeman, who, we believe, attended the unfortunate man, that P. Fitzsimmons, late elected constable of Sergeant township, met with a serious accident at Clermont a few days ago, while in performance of his duty as a friend, if not an officer. He was endeavoring to take a drunken companion home, and in the melee both fell from the turn-table, Pat striking on his head, completely scalping a large portion of it. His companion, we believe, was not severely injured.

We learn from reliable authority that F. C. Wainman of Portville, formerly of Eldred, has lately become the father of a bouncing boy. With such a nice family of girls, a boy was only needed to complete his happiness.

An event of unusual occurrence took place at the residence of S. P. Beckwith of Farmers Valley yesterday, Feb. 23, 1876. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith gave away three daughters and gained three sons-in-law at one ceremony. Fannie was given to Louis Steinhauer, Henrietta to Joseph K. Stull and Juliette to H. W. Roeder. The latter brides are twins, from which we are to infer that Stull and Roeder are now twins also. Rev. S. D. Morris united the three couples, and a large company of invited guests were present to witness the novel wedding and to wish the three brides and three grooms a triple share of earth's blessings.

We regret very much that a press of business would not allow us to accept an invitation to be present, but are informed by some of the guests that from fifty to sixty were present on the joyful occasion, comprising representatives of four generations of the same name and family. Among them was an aged mother listening attentively to the triplicate marriage ceremony of her children's children, in good health and spirits. After the ceremony all partook of a bountiful wedding dinner, prepared with all the delicacies that the most fastidious taste could desire. It was truly a happy as well as a novel occasion, well worthy of the centennial year.

The printer was not forgotten and the happy "double-six" start out upon their wedded lives shielded and protected by that invaluable boon—the printer's blessing.

The school house in Keating township, near the residence of Ira Hall, was burned Friday night, February 24, 1876. There are suspicions that it may have been set on fire.

M. A. Sprague is the happy "dad" of a bouncing girl baby. Mother, child and father—doing well.

Nathan Palmer of Port Allegany, proprietor of the Port Allegany House, died on Monday, Mar. 6, 1876, at 8 p. m. of typhoid pneumonia. He was taken sick about two weeks ago, the result of a severe cold contracted while attending the Masonic dance on the twenty-second of February. The disease soon took the form of typhoid pneumonia from which time up to the day of his death he has been unconscious except at intervals. Mr. Palmer was well and favorably known throughout this section of the country. He was one of the oldest residents of McKean county. He has lived in Port Allegany for the past ten or fifteen years, and the interest and sympathy manifested for both him and his stricken family during his last sickness gives abundant evidence of the high place he has held in the estimation and hearts of his neighbors and fellow citizens. The deepest sympathy is felt for his bereaved wife and family by all who know them. The funeral services were attended Wednesday. He was buried with Masonic honors.

The trial of Margaret McAuliff for the alleged murder of her husband, Wm. McAuliff, at Clermont, on the 10th day of November, 1875, was commenced last Friday morning. The evidence closed at about six o'clock Saturday evening. The argument of Messrs. King and Cotter on the part of the prosecution and Olmstead for the defence occupied the balance of the evening. On Monday, Messrs. Sherwood of Tioga county for the defense, and W. A. Williams for the prosecution, occupied the time until noon, when the case was given to the jury. At 1.30 p. m. the jury came in and through their foreman announced that they had agreed upon a verdict—not guilty. At this announcement there was some little excitement manifested, but not as much on the part of those most interested as would naturally have been expected. The prisoner, who has thus escaped so great a peril, almost miraculously, received the verdict as she had all the painful proceedings of the trial, with a stolid indifference that was to the spectators indication of very little feeling or realization of the terrible position from which she had escaped, and very much strengthened the belief of many that she has a heart hard and brutal enough to have committed the terrible crime of which she was charged, and that in her acquittal the gallows had been unjustly cheated.

### Republican Meetings.

The Republican candidates of this district and county, with two or three speakers, will make a tour of the county, starting next Monday. On this trip they will meet the committeeman, the members of the vigilance committees and other leading Republicans in the various districts of the county. Short speeches will be made and the situation talked over generally. The trip will be as follows:

Monday, October 10.—Ceres Twp., at Ceres, 1:30 p. m.; Eldred Twp., at Eldred boro, 8:00 p. m.; Eldred boro, 8:00 p. m.

Tuesday, October 11.—Otto Twp., 2nd district, at Rixford, 2:00 p. m.; Otto Twp., 1st district, at Duke Centre, 8:00 p. m.

Thursday, October 13.—Annin Twp., at Turtle Point, 2:00 p. m.; Liberty Twp., at Port Allegany, 8:00 p. m.; Norwich Twp., 2nd district, at Port Allegany, 8:00 p. m.; Port Allegany boro, 8:00 p. m.

Friday, October 14.—Keating Twp., 2nd district, at Farmers Valley, 2:00 p. m.; Keating Twp., 1st district, at Smethport, 8:00 p. m.; Smethport boro, 8:00 p. m.

Saturday, October 15.—Norwich Twp., 1st district, at Crosby, 1:30 p. m.; Keating Twp., 3rd district, at Simpson, 8:00 p. m.,

Monday, October 17.—Sergeant Twp., 1st district, at Clermont, 8:00 p. m.

Tuesday, October 18.—Hamlin Twp., 1st district, at Hazelhurst, 8:00 p. m.

Wednesday, October 19.—Hamlin Twp., 2nd district, at Lantz, 2:00 p. m.; Mt. Jewett boro, 8:00 p. m.; Sergeant Twp., 2nd district, at Mt. Jewett, 8:00 p. m.

Thursday, October 20.—Hamlin Twp., 3rd district, at Kushequa, 2:00 p. m.; Lafayette Twp., 4th district, at Kushequa, 2:00 p. m.; Kane, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Wards, 8:00 p. m.; Wetmore Twp., 1st district, at Kane, 8:00 p. m.; Wetmore Twp., 2nd district, at Kane, 8:00 p. m.

Friday, October 21.—Hamilton Twp., 1st district, at Ludlow, 2:00 p. m.; Hamilton Twp., 2nd district, at Ludlow, 2:00 p. m.

Monday, October 24.—Lafayette Twp., 1st district, at Mt. Alton, 8:00 p. m.

Tuesday, October 25.—Lafayette Twp., 3rd district, at Lafayette Corners, 2:00 p. m.; Lafayette Twp., 2nd district, at Lewis Run, 8:00 p. m.

Wednesday, October 26.—Bradford Twp., 1st district, at Custer City, 8:00 p. m.

Thursday, October 27.—Foster Twp., 1st district, at Derrick City, 8:00 p. m.

Friday, October 28.—Foster Twp., 2nd district, at Rew City, 8:00 p. m.

Monday, October 31.—Bradford City, 1-3rd Wards, at Rep. Hdqs., 8:00 p. m.; Corydon Twp., 1st district, at Rep. Hdqs., 8:00 p. m.; Corydon Twp., 2nd district, at Rep. Hdqs., 8:00 p. m.

Tuesday, November 1st.—Bradford City, 2-4th Wards, at Rep. Hdqs., 8:00 p. m.; Bradford Twp., 2nd district, at Rep. Hdqs., 8:00 p. m.

Wednesday, November 2.—Bradford City, 5-6th Wards, at Rep. Hdqs., 8:00 p. m.

### Young Man Drowned.

An Olean dispatch of Tuesday says: Gilbert Garr, a young man about 22 years of age, a resident of West State street, this city, was drowned in Olean creek this afternoon as a result of attempting to catch a moving car on the East Olean electric road. Young Garr jumped for the rear end of the car while it was crossing a bridge. Unable to maintain his hold he fell and struck the bridge girders. The fall stunned him and he dropped into the water and sank to the bottom. The body, which was recovered within half an hour of the accident, was taken in charge by the coroner.

Graphophones and records for sale. New selected stock direct from factory of Columbia disc and X. P. cylinder records at right prices. Call if you can conveniently and make your selection.
C. M. Burson, Colegrove, Pa.

## CRIMINAL COURT NEWS

### Evil Doers Reap the Harvest of Their Sins This Week.

### THE TEA LOTTERY CASE TRIED.

**Other Cases Disposed of—Foreigners Naturalized—Grand Jury Findings—Large Attendance.**

The October term of criminal court convened at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon with Judge Bouton on the bench, and a large attendance. Alfred Evans of Kane was selected foreman of the grand jury and after that body received instructions from the Court, retired for the consideration of business. Twenty-seven foreigners, nearly all Italians, were naturalized.

The attention of the court was taken all day Tuesday and part of Wednesday with the case of the Commonwealth vs. F. R. Pickard, Charles Wilson and Miss Burt Ford, charged with conducting a lottery. Wilson was not present and Pickard and Miss Ford were tried alone.

It is charged that the defendants, who ran a tea store in Bradford in 1902, had a system of prizes to induce customers to buy that conflicted with the acts of Assembly in this State in regard to lotteries.

The evidence of the prosecution tended to prove that the defendants conducted a tea store on Main street in Bradford, and sold cans of tea for one dollar each, every "original package" containing a prize of some kind, ranging in value from stick pins, etc., worth one cent to $150 in money, diamond rings and gold watches. The packages were closed so that the customers could not see what they were getting. A former clerk named Myers and his wife and several other witnesses testified that the practice was to divide the cans into rows of eight cans and to sell these eight at $8, or four for $4. The defendants, so the witnesses testified, assured the customers that if they bought eight cans they would surely get a watch, as there was one watch in each eighth receptacle. They testified that there really was not, at the time of sale, any watches whatever in any of the cans, for fear that the buyer might get the watch the first time, but if the customer bought half a row, or four cans, then a watch was slipped in one of the others and the customer was assured that if he bought the remaining four he would receive a watch. If the other four were purchased the buyer received a watch valued at about a dollar to obtain which he had spent $8. One witness testified that he had spent $40 and obtained a watch, another that he spent $10 and obtained a watch worth about $1. One man stated that he had invested $40 to find out what kind of a game it was.

According to the evidence of the Commonwealth the customer was not allowed to take away the tea, but if he obtained a 10 cent prize he could turn in his prize and tea, for which a small amount was allowed him, and draw again. When a customer decided between two cans or boxes and drew one of them, the clerk in laying down the dollar would say "cash," which was the signal for another clerk to place a watch or a sum of money in the box that the buyer had rejected, whereupon the other box would be opened and its contents displayed and the buyer informed that had he selected the other box he would have obtained the money or watch. Myers, the chief witness for the prosecution, stated that Pickard had boasted in his presence that he had "cleaned up" $5,000 during the brief period of his enterprise in Bradford.

The defendant, Pickard, took the stand in his own behalf and testified that there were no prizes, and that the value of the gift in the tea boxes depended on the amount purchased, one buying $10 worth receiving a gift of a certain value, and one buying $20, one of another value, but that every one spending $10 received a gift of the same value and that the $10 gifts were capable of being exchanged for any other gift of like value. He said the business was conducted as any other tea store except for advertising purposes they gave gifts to purchasers of a certain amount.

When court was called Wednesday morning the defendants filed a motion for permission to withdraw their plea of not guilty and enter a plea of guilty. The motion was granted and the defendants pleaded guilty. Judge Bouton called defendants before the court and explained the nature of the offense. He sentenced Pickard to pay a fine of $500, costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for two months. Sentence was suspended on Miss Burt.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Matt Odell, larceny, and Wm. Bright, assault and battery, motion to enter nol pros was granted.

In the case of Andrew [illegible], charged with larceny, he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to $50 fine, costs and six months in jail.

Peter Natallo, who pleaded guilty to assault and battery, was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs.

The next case called was that of the Commonwealth against Del Prime. Three young daughters of a colored man named R. D. Green, residing at Ormsby, swore that Prime, a white man residing in that neighborhood, had indecently exposed himself one day last June or July. Considerable time was taken in the hearing of this case. The defendant stoutly declared that he was innocent of the charge. He was found not guilty by the jury, but one-third of the costs was placed upon him. The other two-thirds of the costs were placed upon R. D. Green, who had brought the case.

R. M. Baity, charged with stealing a watch and a diamond pin from a Bradford residence, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to undergo six months' imprisonment in the county jail and pay costs and a fine of $50, it being ordered meanwhile, that due restitution be made of the stolen articles.

Two boy crooks, John and Claud Confer (brothers), pleaded guilty to several charges of larceny and burglary, and were sentenced to spend their time in the Huntington Reform School until they are both of age.

Commonwealth against Fred Sandborn, John Gierke and George Wilkinson, statutory burglary. Fred Sandborn pleaded guilty and subsequently testified in behalf of the Commonwealth against Gierke and Wilkinson who, he stated, were his accomplices in the burglary at Jacoby's jewelry store in Bradford on the night of August 2. The verdict of the jury was that of "guilty in manner and form as indicted," recommendation for mercy being made in behalf of Gierke, owing to his youth. The prisoners received sentences as follows: Wilkinson, pay a fine of $200 and costs of prosecution, return stolen property and undergo imprisonment in the western penitentiary for two years and six months. Gierke, pay fine of $200 and costs, return stolen property and serve two years in the penitentiary. Sanborn, pay fine of $100 and costs, return stolen property and serve one year in the western penitentiary.

The case of Commonwealth vs. Niles Bessie was nol prossed.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Charles Johnson, charged with larceny the jury returned a verdict of guilty and he was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, costs and undergo imprisonment in the penitentiary for one year.

Ella Blockwell was found guilty of selling liquor without a license.

Richard Lowen appeared before the court and plead guilty to the charge of assault and battery and he was sentenced to pay a $50 fine, costs of prosecution and spend two months in jail.

As we go to press the jury is still out on the case of James Onello, charged assault and battery.

The grand jury returned the following true bills:

Commonwealth vs. Fred Sandborn, John Gerke and George Wilkinson, burglary.

Commonwealth vs. Andrew Barr, larceny.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Natello, aggravated assault.

Commonwealth vs. Stella Paton, selling liquor without a license.

Commonwealth vs. C. M. Baity, larceny.

Commonwealth vs. John Malone, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. John Confer and Claud Confer, larceny; same, statutory burglary.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Johnson, larceny.

Commonwealth vs. Bert Costa, malicious mischief.

Commonwealth vs. Jas. Onello, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Roland Coates, violating Innkeeper's Act.

Commonwealth vs. Jos. Citrano, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Andy Barr, felony.

Commonwealth vs. G. N. Freeman, violating Innkeeper's Act.

Commonwealth vs. P., S. & N. R. R., maintaining a nuisance.

Not a true bill was found in the cases of John Malone, assault and battery, and Jno. M. Hart, assault and battery.

Not a true bill was returned in the case of Commonwealth vs. S. Beard, rape and assault with intent to commit rape.

Constable Hayes of Hamlin township, "returned" the Shawmut railroad for maintaining a crossing between Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett, the crossing being a nuisance and menace. The Grand Jury took favorable action on the complaint to-day.

The Grand Jury concluded its labors by investigating conditions at the county buildings yesterday afternoon. The poor farm and houses were found to be in good condition, but it was recommended that better protection should be provided against fire on the property. The jail was in good condition, if was found, [illegible] were

### The Game Laws.

We have been asked several times in regard to the game laws, therefore we publish the following extract which pretty well covers the information wanted:

Doves, unlimited, can be killed any time. Elk, deer or fawn, two in one year, during November only. English, Mongolian or Chinese pheasants, unlimited, October 15 to December 15, inclusive. Grouse (ruffled) commonly called pheasant, ten in one day, October 15 to December 15, inclusive. Hare or rabbit, unlimited, not to be taken with ferret, November 1 to December 15, inclusive. Quail or Virginia partridge, 15 in one day, October 15 to December 15, inclusive. Rail and reed birds, unlimited; September, October and November. Web-footed wild fowl, unlimited, September 1 to May 1. Wild turkey, two in one day, October 15 to December 15, inclusive. Woodcock, ten in one day, October 15 to December 15, and during July. Squirrel, gray, black and fox, unlimited, October 15 to December 15, inclusive. Plover, unlimited, July 15 to January 1.

All game can be bought and sold in season in this State except elk, deer or fawn, wild turkey, ruffled grouse, commonly called pheasant, quail or Virginia partridge and woodcock, which have been "killed in this Commonwealth." These cannot be sold at any time.

No game of any kind can be legally transported out of the State.

The English sparrow, king-fisher, crow, Cooper hawk, sharp shinned hawk, duck hawk and pigeon hawk, great horned owl and barred owl, the pine or red squirrel, the coon, the possom, the bear, the woodchuck or ground hog, the skunk, are not protected, and may be killed at any time.

### The Bronze Button.

Sometimes in passing along the street I meet a man who on the left lapel of his coat wears a little bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty, the face seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of years. Perhaps above it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet a man who wears a button I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea, to me the very dust of his weary feet have passed the holy ground, for I know that man in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky. Maybe at Donelson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame swept hill, or stormed the Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to a soldier's life. His country's summons called him from the bench, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for the greed of gold, to find adventure or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways; and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the glance of bewitching and tender eyes, left goodbye kisses on tiny lips to look death in the face on desperate fields. And when the war was over, he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.—John M. Thurston.

### Daring Robbery at Olean.

A dispatch from Olean dated Oct. 4, says: This afternoon during the excitement incident to the notification of the Republican candidates for State offices a stranger entered the jewelry store of Otto Miller on North Union street and asked to see a clock, with a view to purchase. In the store at the time was the wife of the proprietor, and a boy. While Mrs. Miller was taking the clock from its position on a high shelf in the rear of the store a second stranger entered the place and snatched a tray of diamonds from a show case. Both men hurriedly left the place and disappeared in the crowd. The jewels are valued at between $2,500 and $3,000. Later in the day two men were arrested on suspicion of having committed the robbery, but there is no direct evidence connecting them with the theft.

### To Make Their Own Salt Cake.

At a meeting recently in Bradford the window glass manufacturers of the "mountain district," representing over 700 pots, a committee was appointed, consisting of T. S. Cunningham, of Kane; Thos. Camp, of Smethport; Wm. Edgar, of Port Allegany; Wm. McLaurf, of Shinglehouse, and G. W. Morenus, of Kane, to meet a similar committee of the workers to arrange the wages of snappers for the coming fire. The committees will meet this week. A committee was also appointed to organize a company for the manufacture of salt cake and general chemicals, and to select a site for the location of the plant. This committee consists of Felix Steinberger, of Bradford; T. S. Cunningham, of Kane, and H. N. McCoy, of Mt. Jewett.

You should see [illegible]

# AT THE SNAKE ROCK MINE

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Joyce Killian was only two weeks from a select boarding school in the east where the young ladies were zealously guarded from all contact with the rough outside world. Yet this morning she was tearing down Snake Rock canyon upon a mustang, not three months from a broncho buster, with gaudy, cumbersome horse trappings that had been brought up from Mexico more as a curiosity than for use.

But there was no fear, no self consciousness in her face, and instead of trying to check the mustang her hand went out from time to time to stroke and pat its neck encouragingly as her voice urged it on.

When she left the canyon she struck a more level country, and here the mustang was let out to its full speed. Bedrock was still ten miles away, and she must reach it and be back to the mine before night. It was already well on toward noon.

Bedrock was a one street town which commenced and ended in tents, with a few unpainted frame buildings in the center. It was an hour after noon when Joyce slipped from her horse in front of the office of Gregg & Graw, mine brokers and operators. Both of the proprietors were in, and both rose at her entrance. Young ladies of Joyce's type were not yet common at Bedrock.

"I wish to see you about the Snake Rock mine lease," Joyce began graciously.

Gregg bowed, but not before the visitor imagined she saw a swift glance flash between the partners.

"I understand it expires in ten days," said Gregg blandly. "You are Miss Killian?"

"Yes. We—Mr. Temple wishes to renew the lease on the terms you proposed."

"Visiting at Snake Rock camp with your aunt," went on Gregg. "You see, we've all heard—or guessed. When—er—is the interesting event to come off, if you don't mind?"

"If you are alluding to my marriage with Mr. Temple, it has not yet been announced," answered Joyce coldly. "But about the lease. Will you kindly make it out as soon as possible? I have some shopping to do in town, and it is a long ride back to camp. Mr. Temple

WHEN TEMPLE LOOKED OVER THE CREDIT SLIPS THE WEARINESS LEFT HIS FACE.

will sign the papers and return them at once. There are only ten days, and he wishes to have the matter arranged without delay."

"Why doesn't he come down himself?" demanded Graw bluntly.

"He is very busy at the mine, and I convinced him that I could attend to it just as well," Joyce answered. "He said it was to be made out at twenty-five thousand and—your own offer."

Graw laughed aloud.

"That offer was made four weeks ago," he said. "And Temple declined it."

"You mean you will not renew it for that?"

"Exactly."

Joyce lost some of her color. What little money she and her aunt had was invested in the mine, as well as Hugh Temple's, and the lease ran out in ten days.

"Well," she said slowly, "I am authorized, in case you should decline to recognize your offer, to raise the amount to what was paid last year—fifty thousand."

"When we must decline," said Gregg suavely, "with real regret, you understand. And I will add that we would decline a hundred thousand just as promptly."

"You mean that you will not release the Snake Rock mine on any terms?" the girl's white lips asked.

"Exactly. We expect to resume operations there ourselves."

"I understand—you have heard. And I suppose you call this business. You made a fortune out of the mine, and then when you lost the vein you leased it to Mr. Temple through misrepresentations. He paid you $50,000 and has sunk more than $50,000 in searching for that vein. Until day before yesterday, from nearly a year's work, he took out less than $1,000. He told me that you were up there yourselves only a short time ago trying to induce him to release the mine for $25,000, believing it to be exhausted. Now"—

"As Temple has rediscovered the vein, richer than ever," finished Graw coolly, "we propose to operate it ourselves. But you may tell him that if he will turn the mine over to us at daylight tomorrow we will pay him back one-half the year's lease, $25,000."

"And let him lose the other $75,000," flashed back Joyce. "No, thank you. We will hold the mine until the very last moment of the lease."

But once outside she wondered if she had done the best she could. He was down in the mine working fiercely with his men at the almost pure vein which the explosives had uncovered and believing that she would return with the new lease. Only ten more days, and he did not know it. What could she do?

Before she had gone a hundred yards she knew, and instead of keeping on toward the stores she hurried to the only printing office Bedrock contained. An hour later the town was conspicuously posted with: "Men wanted at the Snake Rock mine for ten days. Wages $15 a day, pack mules $10."

Ordinary wages for good laborers was four or five. Bosses and superintendents did not average fifteen. In an hour men were leaving regular jobs of work and ruthlessly breaking contracts. When Joyce finished her shopping and started for home she found stragglers and groups with picks and shovels scattered along the trail for two miles or more. But she reached the mouth of the mine first and sent an imperative summons for Temple to come to the surface. When he joined her a half hour later twenty men were waiting for jobs, with fifty hurrying up the slope, and between the fifty and Bedrock came half a thousand more.

The regular force of the mine was less than a hundred men, but the next morning a thousand names were on the payroll, divided into day and night shifts. A great stream of ore rolled up out of the mine to the backs of the pack mules and on the smelter at Bedrock, from whence came certificates of credit with figures that would have staggered a mine owner of moderate ideas. But Temple did not even see them. He was down in the mine working and watching day and night to see that the great stream should not slacken for even an instant.

Joyce insisted on a share in the work and remained at the mouth of the mine with book and pencil, keeping a record of the stream as it flowed past, and it was she who took charge of the credit slips as they came in.

So a week went by, eight days, nine days, and the tenth was nearing its close when Temple came up from the mine and staggered weakly to where Joyce was standing with her book and pencil. And behind Temple came the half thousand men of the day shift, slipping through the mouth of the mine like the coils of a mighty serpent. The vein had again disappeared, and four hours of the lease remained.

When Temple looked over the credit slips the weariness left his face. "I knew it would be something stupendous," he said to Joyce, with a long breath, "but nothing like this. We will divide two hundred thousand of it among the workmen, less than one-quarter, and then for the rest."

### Courtship In Tibet.

A prominent Englishwoman who has visited Tibet says that the people of that country have long ago solved the question which has been causing much discussion in England for years. In the home country, she says, you hear no cry "Why don't men propose?" Every girl is married and old maids are unknown. The matchmaking place, or the "shambang," as it is called, is a low hut, generally situated midway between two villages, where maidens and young men in every class of life congregate around small fires which they kindle themselves. If a man is attracted by a certain girl he invites her and her relatives to partake of the warmth around his fire. This is taken as a gentle hint that he is thinking of proposing. The parents very seldom if ever visit the "shambang." The girls spin, assisted by the men, tell stories and sing until they tire. When a man has made his choice he dresses in his best and takes wine and food to the parents of the girl he has chosen. If his suit is approved his food is eaten and his wine is drunk and the girl is his after he has paid a small amount of money to her father.

### Ruskin as an Art Critic.

It is probably by this time pretty generally recognized that the debt that we owe to Ruskin is not primarily for what he did and said about art. It was as a moralist and a philosopher that he was really great. Of course when a man of high intellectual powers devotes a large portion of his life to the study of a subject it is inevitable that his labors must possess a certain value. We may even go further than that and say that when a man of high intellectual powers chooses to write upon a subject what he writes must possess a certain value. But it is quite possible that the kernel of the nut may be found in his digressions or in light incidentally thrown upon other matters. Ruskin's writings upon art possess very great value, but their value is not for what they tell us about art. But for what they tell us about Ruskin. Every page of "Modern Painters" is worth reading, not because its author was a great art critic, but because he was a great philosopher and moralist. No time is wasted which is spent in the company of the wise and good.—L. W. Clarke in Macmillan's Magazine.

### An Unnecessary Distinction.

The two expressions "by and by" and "by the bye" are really derived from the same original word, and the words "by" and "bye" have the same general sense. But the spelling "bye" has long been used in the second of these phrases without any real reason for the change. We should not speak of a bye law or a bye path, and yet many are careful to write "by the bye" and "by the by." In "goodbye" there might be some reason for keeping the final "e," since it stands for the word "ye" in the shortened form of "God be with ye;" but where so much has been dropped the "e" is hardly worth keeping, especially as the old meaning is seldom recalled.—St. Nicholas.

## A ROMAN FIASCO.

### The Colossal Show That Was Planned by Symmachus.

Symmachus, last of the great nobles of Rome, who, blinded by tradition, thought to revive the glories of his beloved city by reviving its shame, graphically describes the anxieties of the preparations for one of these colossal shows, on which he is said to have spent what would be about 180,000 of our money. He began a year in advance. Horses, bears, lions, Scotch dogs, crocodiles, chariot drivers, hunters, actors and the best gladiators were recruited from all parts. But when the time drew near nothing was ready. Only a few of the animals had come, and these were half dead of hunger and fatigue. The bears had not arrived and there was no news of the lions. At the eleventh hour the crocodiles reached Rome, but they refused to eat and had to be killed all at once in order that they might not die of hunger. It was even worse with the gladiators who were intended to provide, as in all these beast shows, the crowning entertainment. Twenty-nine of the Saxon captives, whom Symmachus had chosen on account of the well known valor of their race, strangled one another in prison rather than fight to the death for the amusement of their conquerors. And Symmachus, with all his real elevation of mind, was moved to nothing but disgust by their sublime choice. Rome in her greatest days had gloried in these shows. How could a man be a patriot who set his face against customs which followed the Roman eagles round the world? How many times since then has patriotism been held to require the extinction of moral sense?—Contemporary Review.

## NORMAN DISTRUST.

### One Simple Way by Which a Traveler May Disarm It.

The greatest obstacle to agreeable pedestrianism in Normandy is the proverbial Norman distrust. The Norman's distrust of the stranger takes the form of a comical sort of terror of being financially duped, cheated or swindled, not to say robbed—probably because he is himself perpetually engaged in financial duping.

If the tramper does not succeed in disarming by one means or another Norman distrust his tramping life in Normandy will be made a burden to him. Norman distrust can be disarmed, but it cannot be disarmed in an instant, as Americaine. It takes time to do it—the Norman is the last person in the world to stand and deliver—and there is no social device to be mentioned in the same breath with drinking for courteously consuming time.

If the tramper asks a simple question at a farmhouse he cannot decently linger—not in Normandy—after his question is answered. If he makes a petty purchase in a store his situation is only a trifle less awkward, since he is morally obliged to retire as soon as the transaction is completed. On the other hand, he has only to order a drink—in this country of cider and applejack every store and nearly every farmhouse sells liquor—to be entitled to sit at a table for as long as he wills it and to talk.—Booklovers' Magazine.

### How Fishes Talk.

Fishes undoubtedly communicate with their fellows. Even if they cannot "talk," they have other means of communication that are better adapted to their needs. We know how readily fishes recognize their mates and how quickly brooding fishes repel intruders of their own or other species. Something besides seeing them—perhaps some sense of which we have no conception—may do this. Many fishes communicate with their fellows by means of sounds produced through the medium of their air bladders, by grinding their teeth together and in various other ways.

The sense of touch is highly developed in many fishes and doubtless enables them to communicate. The sense of taste, located all over the skin in some fishes, in the fins in others, and the sense of smell, strongly developed in some forms of submarine life, also must be aids to communication.—St. Nicholas.

### Landing in France.

A traveler in France in the early part of the nineteenth century describes his landing at Boulogne by means of a small boat as follows: "The boat rowed toward the nearest shore until it was aground, which happened in the midst of the breakers. In an instant the boat was surrounded by a throng of women up to their middles and over, who were there to carry us on shore. Not being aware of these maneuvers, we did not throw ourselves into the arms of these sea nymphs so readily as we might have done, whereby those who sat in the stern of the boat were deluged with sea spray."

### Ready to Believe It.

Sociable Native—I suppose you know these sand dunes move? That one over there has traveled nearly a quarter of a mile since I've been living here.

Traveler (who had been detained six hours by a railway washout)—Don't doubt it in the least. I can't imagine anything or anybody staying in this town that could possibly get away.—Chicago Tribune.

### Physical Culture.

Crabshaw—Physical culture is a great thing. I've been at it for ten years. Crawford—Why don't you start a class of your own? Crabshaw—I haven't the physique.—Town Topics.

Sentiment is a strong man's concealment of what he feels, while sentimentality is a weak man's expression of what he doesn't feel.


Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

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CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.


## WILD BILL'S FIRST FIGHT.

### He Was Wounded, but Killed Six of the McKandlas Gang.

Wild Bill, whose real name was James Hickok, first came west in 1857 and drove an ox team on the plains for Majors & Russell in 1860. He subsequently engaged himself to the overland stage company as stock tender and was put in charge of a new stage station on Rock creek, near the old McKandlas station, which was generally known as Robbers' Roost. This was the headquarters for the McKandlas gang, a crowd that had held together since the Missouri-Kansas border ruffian days and generally had things their own way. A man named Ficklin and a number one stage hand, was superintendent. He tried to buy out the McKandlas station; but, failing in this, he built a new one near by, putting young Hickok in charge. Up to that time he had never experienced trouble with any one and was not likely to have friction, especially with the old station keeper, McKandlas, or his men.

In the winter of 1860-61 McKandlas and his nephew and four other men passed by the new station on horseback, leading an old man who was afoot. They had a rope around the old fellow's neck, and occasionally they would take a few turns around the horn of the saddle, make a run on the rope and jerk the old man down and drag him on the ground until he was nearly dead. The only spite they had against him was that he was a North Methodist preacher. If Wild Bill was anything he was an abolitionist and free soiler and loyal to the United States. The McKandlas crowd was planning to make a raid on several stations to secure the stock and go south. They told young Hickok they would take the stock. He replied that he would be there.

When they returned late in the evening two stopped at the corral, two went to the front and two to the back door of the cabin or hut. Hickok told them he would shoot the first man who took down the bars of the corral. The elder McKandlas fired at Hickok, but missed him. Hickok returned the fire with a rifle and shot McKandlas in the heart. The next shot from Hickok killed the nephew, and the two still at the front door. Just then the two at the back door opened fire. One shot from a double barreled gun lodged seven full grown buckshot in Hickok's right side and breast, two of which entered his lungs. The four that stopped at the corral came to the assistance of the two men at the house. Hickok was then in a hand to hand fight with four men. He killed three of them in the house and wounded the other so badly that he died on the prairie.—Denver Field and Farm.

### Plenty of Light.

Rev. Dr. Tinspec—I trust your life seem brighter to you [illegible] ing. Has anything occurred to [illegible] wedding included twenty-four lamps?

Joy's recollection is [illegible] while sorrow's memory is sad.—Byron.


THE CURE IS LASTING.

"Gentlemen:—I should like to tell you, in a few words, of the good Cal-cura Solvent, the ideal medicine prepared by Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has accomplished in my case, one of kidney trouble. "Before I took Cal-cura Solvent my urine was of a thick dust color, and there was always a sediment of a reddish tinge. I procured a bottle and gave it a thorough trial. I noticed that the sediment gradually disappeared and the urine became clear. I have not taken any of the Cal-cura Solvent for a long time, and no sediment has appeared." — Mr. H. W. Eldridge, Cherry Valley, N.Y. All druggists, $1.00.

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We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

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1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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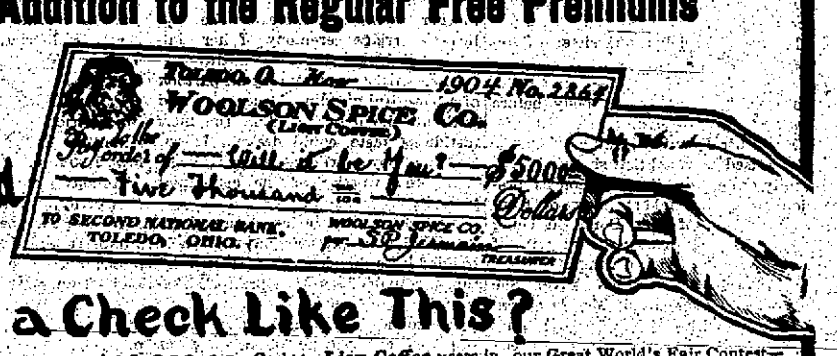


We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to Lion Coffee users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,950,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

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will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

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|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | First Prize | | $2,500.00 |
| 1 | Second Prize | | 1,000.00 |
| 2 | Prizes—$500.00 | each | 1,000.00 |
| 5 | Prizes— 200.00 | " | 1,000.00 |
| 10 | Prizes— 100.00 | " | 1,000.00 |
| 20 | Prizes— 50.00 | " | 1,000.00 |
| 50 | Prizes— 20.00 | " | 1,000.00 |
| 250 | Prizes— 10.00 | " | 2,500.00 |
| 1800 | Prizes— 5.00 | " | 9,000.00 |
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How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use LION COFFEE long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your Lion Heads

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## HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

**C. J. VANBLAD.**



## Miles on Miles

Are walked by the billiard player, as he moves around the table. That is the only exercise many a city man gets. It is this lack of exercise in the shut-in-life of the city, combined with irregular eating and indigestible dishes which tend to make the city man the victim of "stomach trouble."

When there is undue fullness after eating, with belching, sour risings and other distressing symptoms, a prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effect a speedy cure. In the most extreme cases of disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, the persistent use of the "Discovery" will result in a complete cure in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred.

"The praise I would like to give your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I cannot utter in words or describe with pen," writes James B. Ambrose, Esq., of 1005 Mifflin Street, Huntingdon, Pa. "I was taken down with what our physicians said was indigestion. I doctored with the best around here and found no relief. I wrote to you and you sent me a question blank to fill out and I did so and you then advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took three bottles and I felt so good that I stopped—being, as I think, cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigestion now."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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Has a new and up-to-date line of

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of all the leading makes and the prices are right, too.

Also a full line of General Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Guns and Ammunition, Fruit Jars, Glasses, Butter Crocks, etc.

## JOHN C. HAMLIN



*McKean County Miner*

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 6, 1904.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Hotels were crowded this week.

—J. C. Hamlin has a new hardware ad this week.

—Lion brand shirts are advertised by Wm. Monheimer this week.

—The new advertisement of The Lindholm Co. will be interesting to the ladies.

—Full and winter suits are advertised by H. W. Rubin this week. He carries an up-to-date line.

—A large party of friends of the Misses Crosby rendered them a surprise party last Friday evening. All present had a most delightful time.

—A good attendance is desired at the W. C. T. U. meeting Saturday, Oct. 8, at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel. Business that needs attention. All are welcome.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The lessons for the day will be on "Overcoming Obstacles" and about "Solomon's Temple."

—The silver anniversary of the State Firemen's Association is being held in Erie this week and the city is filled with visitors. The parade is being held to-day and is composed of about one hundred hose companies.

—Landlord W. V. Provin has been making some improvements on the Newton House and the Bolivar Breeze concludes an article by saying: The improvement is a much needed one and Mr. Provin is to be congratulated on the success he is making of the hotel business in Bolivar.

—On Tuesday evening of last week, Hazel, the ten-months' old daughter of Mrs. William Horn of Galeton, had his face, hands and ears terribly bitten by a large rat. Mrs. Horn had left her baby sleeping on her bed but a few moments before she was aroused by its screaming. —Potter Democrat.

—There were 336 voters on the Shawmut excursion train from Hornellsville to St. Marys last Sunday. A canvass of these voters developed the fact that 227 were for Roosevelt while 109 were for Parker. The canvass of the crowd, mixed as it was, is evidence of how the vote will run in this State. A little better than two to one is a showing very gratifying to the Republican voters.—Friendship Register.

—Missing his valuable dog on a recent night the owner, a Wellsboro man, telephoned about town until he located it at a neighbor's house. At his request the receiver was placed to the dog's ear. When the animal recognized the familiar whistle and heard its name called it looked around and then as the call was repeated, darted for the door and made its way home.

—Former State Senator Greenleaf S. Van Gorder of Buffalo, brother of John Van Gorder, who was murdered with his half sister by Italians at Angelica, will attempt to induce Congress to enact stricter laws regulating the admittance of emigrants into this country. He has sent to each member of Congress a statement of facts in connection with the murder, and has called their attention to his information that the murderers had been convicted of minor crimes in Italy.—Bolivar Breeze.

### Simple Living.

It is not the aggregation of wealth which makes people happy, but the contentment found in the ways of a simple living. While luxuries increase, often thoughtlessly encouraged, the necessities of life are lost sight of. It is an important problem to solve what to do to help home building, though it takes no great calculation to find out the fact that 100 families in small homes of a thousand or two thousand dollars each are great consumers and producers of business and trade than one or two families with all their servants in a $50,000 mansion. Thorns, thistles and wild carrots will disappear from the fields and waste city lots if the idle land is utilized for garden or farm homes.—Hartford Times.

### Kindliness Among Birds.

I have seen a little chipping sparrow make a business of feeding some belated robins. She watched for her opportunity, and whenever both parent robins were away from the nest she rushed in with her morsel. The robins resented her officiousness and hustled her out of the tree whenever they caught her there. I have heard of a wren that fed a brood of young robins in a similar way and of a male bluebird that fed some young birds that were in a nest near its own.—John Burroughs in Outing.

### His Mistake.

She—They say that a little learning is a dangerous thing. He—Yes, I guess it is. I found it so once. I stopped investigating when I found out how much property my first wife's father was supposed to own without going ahead and making inquiries as to his debts. But I'll never get taken in that way again.

### A Remarkable Photograph.

In some respects one of the most remarkable war photographs ever made was secured by a man named Meyer, a correspondent for a German illustrated newspaper, during the war in South Africa. Meyer was with the Boers, and one day, during one of Buller's attacks along the Tugela, he took a position on the firing line. The fire from the British batteries across the river was very heavy during the preliminary part of the assault, and shells literally rained on the low lying kopjes occupied by Botha's army. Meyer thought he saw a good opportunity to secure a fine picture, and he jumped out of his "schanze" to snap it.

Just then a big lyddite shell exploded within a few feet of him, killing him instantly. I afterward secured the camera, which was comparatively uninjured. When the film it contained was developed I discovered that Meyer had made a beautiful photograph of the huge shell which snuffed out his life. I sent a copy of the picture to his residence in Germany.—Everybody's Magazine.

### A Deathbed Pun.

Puck relates a story concerning the late Senator Alexander T. Goodwin of Utica, who left behind him the reputation of never having been too tired nor too ill to give or take a joke. During his last illness a relative, knowing the senator's extreme fondness for brandied peaches, sent to his sickroom a small jar of that most delicious preserve. A few days later the relative called and was admitted to the sickroom. Quickly turning on his pillow and without giving his caller time to extend the usual formalities, the sick man exclaimed, "My dear Louise, how can I ever thank you for those delicious brandied peaches?" "I thought you would appreciate them, Alexander," returned the caller modestly. "Ah, yes; ah, yes!" he assented, with a smile which broadened and finally broke into a chuckle that seemed almost noisy in the hush of the sickroom, as he added, "And how much more I appreciated the spirit in which they were sent!"

### They Pretend to Marry.

In Russia every woman marries or pretends to marry, be she princess or peasant. If the girl is of the opinion that no one will ask her in wedlock she leaves home. The peasant girl goes to some distant district and soon returns home a widow, saying that she married while away and her husband died during their honeymoon. The girl of more fortunate position goes upon far travels. In a year or two her friends hear that she is wedded to some foreigner, whom, if she does not win by her charms alone, she gets by her affection plus a dot. In a year or two she returns to Russia a broken hearted widow. No embarrassing questions are put to her, for in Russia it is considered bad form to mention a dead man to his living widow. All this goes to show in what high repute Russian women regard the institution of marriage.

### All Fools' Day.

Brand in his "Popular Antiquities" gives the following extract from the Public Advertiser of April 12, 1769, for the Jewish origin of the custom of making fools on the 1st of April:

This is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month which among the Hebrews answers to our 1st of April, and to perpetuate the memory of his deliverance it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch.—Notes and Queries.

### A Novelty.

Down in the Old Dominion the people used to set much store by their pedigrees. An anecdote is told of the captain of a steamer plying at a ferry from Maryland to Virginia who, being asked by a needy Virginian to give him a free passage across, inquired if the applicant belonged to one of the F. F. V.'s. "No," answered the man, "I can't exactly say that; rather to one of the second families." "Jump on board," said the captain. "I never met one of your sort before."—New York Tribune.

### Good Habits.

Good physical and mental habits will make a clean, healthy, happy man or woman. Study how to be well and cheerful. Make it your business to be healthy and strong, to be full of good cheer and hope, and you will find after awhile that you won't have to try, but it will be just natural for you to be so. —Mellient Talk For the Home.

### Truly Good.

"What is your idea of a truly good wife?" asked the youth.

"A truly good wife," answered the Cumminsville sage, "is one who loves her husband and her country, but doesn't attempt to run either."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Dangerous Scheme.

The Mother—How can I get my boy to do right? The Friend—Give him good advice. The Mother—But he always does just the contrary of what I recommend. The Friend—Then give him bad advice.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Out of the Question.

Her Husband—I suppose a woman would have to be quite a philosopher to be indifferent to her appearance. She—She'd have to be a lunatic.—Brooklyn Life.

### A Speaking Likeness.

Mrs. Fondmar—Don't you think baby grows more like me every day? Fondmar—Yes, dear, especially so since she began to talk.—Life.


*Duff's College*

Gives a Broad-Winning Education — Educating young men and women to meet the demand of this progressive age. Your chances address P. DUFF & SON, 410 St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.


### An Invitation to Dine.

"San Francisco is only an hour's journey from Baltimore, comparatively speaking," said a resident of the City of the Golden Gate, "In the old days it took a month to cross the plains, and you risked your life to round Cape Horn. Now you board a comfortable Pullman in Baltimore at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and take dinner at 6 in Frisco—almost. And since the days of rapid railroad transit have begun the Pacific coast has not been so far out of the world as one might imagine who had not taken the trip. Why, I remember when people read with awe of thrilling journeys all the way from the eastern coast towns to Pittsburg and when a man would shudder his teeth loose with just thinking of the terrible trip to Chicago, while to mention Salt Lake City or Denver would bring up hideous visions of starless nights on arid deserts and wholesale massacres by red demons. And, speaking of red demons, I think the cigar store Indian has done much to overcome eastern fear of the noble red man, standing in innocent bravery all day long, with a wooden hatchet in one hand and a bunch of cigars in the other.

"But what was I talking about? Oh, yes—Frisco being so close to Baltimore. Come out some Sunday and take dinner with me!"—Baltimore News.

### An English Sporting Event.

A notable sporting event came off at York, England, in 1804. The wife of Colonel Thornton, a well known sportsman, had backed herself to race against Mr. Flint for 500 guineas a side. The crowd was estimated at 100,000. For three miles Mrs. Thornton led, but her horse had "much the shorter stroke of the two," and Mr. Flint then forged ahead, and Mrs. Thornton gave up in mercy to her horse. She was much less tender to Mr. Flint. A few days later the York Herald contained a letter from her, accusing him of lack of gallantry in refusing to allow a gentleman to ride round with her, so as to be handy for the rescue if her saddle slipped round, as it had done a few days before; in saying, "Keep that side, ma'am," gruffly to her at the starting point, and in beating her as badly as he could. She defiantly challenged him again for next year.—London Chronicle.

### Surgery by Hand and Foot.

Surgery in the sixteenth century was not the refined science of the present day. Anaesthetics and antiseptics were unknown, and the battlefield operating theater was often just where the patient fell.

In one of the many battles in which the fighting Duke of Guise engaged he was knocked down by one of the enemy's arrows, which pierced his head between the nose and one of the eyes.

Pare, the famous French surgeon, was on the field, and he immediately put his foot on the duke's face and drew the arrow out by sheer brute force.

The operation inconvenienced the duke somewhat, but he survived it and lived to be assassinated.

### Talma on Balloons.

In an interesting old letter dated 1784 Talma, the French tragedian, discusses the future of balloons. At that period aeronauts were regarded as strange folk, but few people could resist the fascination of a voyage through the air, expensive and dangerous though it was. Talma remarks in this letter that "we are promised many advantages through the means of these balloonists. The most distant objects will be presented to the mind of the traveler almost in a glance. Where will it lead us—to the moon? They speak of a world in that planet. What vast fields are opening before us!"

### Peculiarities of Iron.

Men who have worked a lifetime in fashioning cast iron under the lathe are greatly surprised on learning that the same material, when employed in the heating pipes of a blast furnace stove, grows from six inches to a foot in length from constant use. And the furnace man is equally unprepared to hear that the core bars used for casting pipes lose as much as three inches in casting twenty or thirty pieces.

### Are Perfumes Disinfectants?

I asked a doctor in England if perfumes are really disinfectants. "No," he said. "How can they be?" I asked a doctor in France the same question, and he answered, "Yes, madame, without doubt," and explained that the basis of every perfume is a strong essential oil of some kind and that these essential oils are antiseptic and possess most valuable disinfecting qualities. Now, which is right?—London Truth.

### A Quick Cure.

"Is your father well now, Joannie?"

"Oh, yes; pa got well all on a sudden like, yesterday."

"Did he take"—

"No, he didn't take no physic. He just heard my mother's mamma asking if his life insurance policy was in a safe place, and he was up in a pair of minutes."

### Untimely Somnolence.

"He says he has so many business troubles they keep him awake nights."

"Yes, but they don't keep him wide awake during business hours, and that's his principal trouble."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Truthful Girl.

He—Give me a kiss? She (decidedly) —I won't. He—You shouldn't say "I won't" to me. You should have said "I prefer not." She—But that wouldn't be true.

There isn't anything very bad with any one who has his best times at home.—Atchison Globe.


## NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.


### THE BAGPIPES.

They Were Used by the Early Greeks, Romans and Egyptians.

Bagpipes, mentioned in Jeremiah xlviii, 36, "Mine heart shall sound for Moab like pipes, like pipes for the men of Kir-heres," and elsewhere in Scripture, were used also by the early Egyptians.

Both Greeks and Romans knew the instrument, for a coin of Nero shows upon one side the tibia utricularis, a bag with two reeds and nine pipes. Procopius also, who wrote about 550 A. D., asserts that Roman soldiers sometimes marched to the sound of the bagpipes, and it is not impossible that they introduced them into the British islands.

The earliest, more modern reference to them is in an Irish MS. of 1150, and an Irish illuminated MS. of 1390 depicts a pig playing on the bagpipes. The Scottish highlanders were the first and only people to use the great war pipe, as the highland regiments still do, but, in spite of Sir Walter Scott's assertion, it is very doubtful whether they charged at Bannockburn to the "skirl" of the pipes.—London Answers.

### The Wormout Old Man.

When we become old we want to get off the streets. We always sympathize with the old men who have nothing to do, who are not wanted anywhere and who have no place to go. When we become old and useless we want a place of our own to go to, a place that is absolutely our own and that we can manage as we please. We hope it will be a little place where we can potter with fruits and flowers, vegetables and chickens, and keep busy. We don't want to give people opportunity to show neglect nor idle time in which to see visions of the grim monster. Old men who loiter about the streets, it always seems to us, make a mistake.—Atchison Globe.

### Nourishment.

A man is a very broad, omnivorous animal and needs a great variety of food, both mental and physical. No matter what element we omit in his bill of fare there is a corresponding loss, omission or weakness in his life. You cannot get a full, complete man on half a bill of fare. You cannot nourish his body and starve his soul and expect him to be symmetrical, well balanced, poised. Nor can you starve his body and nourish his soul and expect him to be a giant on the physical as well as on the spiritual plane.—Success.


## DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

**DR. F. C. PIERCE,**

**Smethport, Pa.**



## ACME MILL,

**GREEN BROS., Props.**

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

**Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.**



## BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

**J. COLEGROVE,**

**SMETHORT, PA.**

**Next to Bank.**



## Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

**Anderson & Carlson,**

Smethport, Pa.

**Repairing a Specialty.**



## E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

**LIVERY & FEED STABLE**

**Bennett House Barn**

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

**Directly Opposite Court House.**

**SMETHPORT, PA.**


Subscribe for the MINER.


## Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

*PRESCRIPTIONS*

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

**Wells Pharmacy.**



## STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

## BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

**DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,**

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

**ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.**



## JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

**SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.**

# McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 6, 1904.


**Republican Ticket.**

For President,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
of New York.

For Vice President,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
of Indiana.

For Supreme Court Judge,
JOHN P. ELKIN.

For Representative in Congress.
S. R. DRESSER.

For State Senator,
MYRON MATSON.

For Assemblyman,
J. M. M'ELROY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.

For County Treasurer,
S. D. WEAVER.

For Coroner,
DR. B. H. HALL.

GET out the vote.

ELECTION time is drawing near. Get ready to vote the Republican ticket.

SEVERAL attempts have been made to destroy the United States battleship Connecticut in New York harbor during the past two weeks. The guilty parties have not been apprehended and no clue so far has been found.

THOMAS E. WATSON, the Populist candidate for President, is ill at Birmingham, Ala. He is suffering from physical breakdown due to overwork in the campaign and may have to cancel future engagements.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, senior United States Senator from Massachusetts, died at his home in Worcester last Friday morning. Senator Hoar was one of the most prominent men in the Senate and in his death the United States loses a most able man.

HENRY C. PAYNE, Postmaster General of the United States, a member of the National Republican Committee, a stalwart of his party, with the history of which, both in his own State and nationally, he has been identified for many years, died at his apartments at the Arlington Hotel at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, aged 60 years. The last official called to inquire as to Mr. Payne's condition was President Roosevelt and he had been gone only about 10 minutes when the stricken member of his cabinet expired.

FRANK W. HIGGINS was officially notified at his home in Olean on Tuesday that he was the Republican nominee for Governor of New York State. The ceremonies and exercises incident to the notification marked an epoch in the history of the city which entertained for the day a number of the leading statesmen and politicians of the Empire State, in addition to thousands of admirers of the nominee who participated in the event. Higgins is a man of sterling worth and the Democracy will find it most difficult to assail his record or character.

At the head of these columns will be found the Republican National, State and County ticket and with one exception it is a ticket that we can recommend to all voters, even in the face of the Salus-Grady libel bill which is so unpopular with everybody, its practical death making us forgiving to its makers. This one exception is that of John W. Campbell, and, as his conduct which makes us consider him an unfit man for an office of public trust, is principally a personal matter between him and the editor we will say no more about it unless Mr. Campbell forces the issue.

THE man who does things must expect the hostility of him who opposes action. As with individuals so it is with political parties. The party of executive force and action must endure the opposition of the forces of inactivity. Relative to the carpings at the present efficient administration the Franklin News says: It must be remembered that the party which is today denouncing Roosevelt and the Republicans is the same party which denounced Lincoln and called the war a failure in 1864. It is the same party that denounced Grant in 1872. It denounced McKinley up to the very hour of his death. It is very easy to denounce. It is not so easy to do. Ever since 1860 the Republican party and its leaders have been doing, while the Democratic party and its leaders have been denouncing. And yet the old flag still waves; the constitution is still supreme. Republican policies have carried the country to the forefront among the nations and our people have progressed and prospered, except when checked by Democratic legislation and Democratic administration.

**Washington Letter.**

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 1, 1904.

Even if Judge Parker were as bright as President Roosevelt, it would take him twenty years to learn as much about public affairs, as the President knows. Legislature at twenty-one years of age, then a Civil Service Commissioner, Secretary of the Navy, Police Commissioner, officer in the Army in a victorious war, Governor of New York, Presiding Officer of the U. S. Senate; and President of the United States! To take a man from even so exalted a place as the Supreme Bench of his state and place him in the executive office of the greatest modern people is too hazardous a wrench both for the man and the country. Cleveland with his better preparation and experience as Mayor and Governor was clumsy and half paralyzed, and he left the Presidency worse hated (and is to this day) by his own party than the opposition.

It is well within the truth to say that Theodore Roosevelt came to the office better equipped for the duties of the Presidency than any predecessor. His thought, his writings and his public life were as fortuitous a preparation as if he had been specially educated for the Presidency. But when we add to his unique preparation, his remarkable manly vigor, undulled by age, an appetite and capacity for work equal to that of Gladstone, with irrepressible zeal for the purification and improvement of the public service, we have an ideal seldom realized in the history of nations.

And now some amateur American college engineers have discovered a way to shunt the romping Chagres river into the Pacific Ocean and thus relieve the Panama Canal of its greatest menace, and make a sea-level ditch possible. Mr. Wallace, the high salaried engineer, says the shunt can be accomplished at a cost of $16,000,000 and a net saving of $20,000,000 to say nothing of the incomparable advantage of a lockless waterway.

At a most critical period of our history, we had in the presidential chair a conservative, timid old man. His lack of strenuousness cost the country untold blood and treasure. We are on the verge of another period, perhaps not less critical. New and perilous questions are clamoring for solution. Happily the mental, moral and physical antithesis of James Buchanan is in the White House. Let us hold him there.

The President has no lack of business. He is receiving delegations of all sorts of people from all parts of the world; entertaining notable personages; writing letters, and hunting down alleged forgeries of his sentiments. Quite a large delegation of French artisans, sent by their government to the St. Louis Exhibition, have been made welcome at the White House. The President has expressed much satisfaction over the outcome of a vexatious little incident which was causing some annoyance. It was supposed that the President's name had been forged to a letter which he never wrote, and which was being circulated among the miners in Colorado. It appears that it was in reality an extract from what was called an "humorous editorial" in a New York evening paper, which is anything but friendly to the Administration. The western press was imposed upon and the sequel shows how hard pressed some news purveyors are for a sensation. All sorts of wild cat rumors are afloat in the political atmosphere regarding the amount of money called for and actually contributed to carry on the campaign. But as fast as one rumor starts it is flatly contradicted, and another set afloat. The Republican managers are content with the outlook.

The President held a Cabinet conference yesterday. Four members of his official household were present. They were Secretaries Taft, Shaw, Hitchcock and Attorney General Moody. The session continued for about two hours, but the Cabinet ministers coming out gave assurances that no question of serious import had been considered. Some time was devoted to talk about the political situation. Three members, Taft, Shaw and Moody, are expecting to engage actively in the campaign from now until November 6. There was absent one member who will probably never again engage in any campaign. The Postmaster General is lying, it is thought, at the point of death at the Arlington Hotel. His ailment, heart failure, being very similar to that of his friend and patron, Senator Hanna.

There is another little tempest in a teapot anent the lie that Admiral Schley was not invited to see the launching of the Battleship Connecticut. He was invited but did not respond in person. Doubtless like many others who were called but did not come, he had good reasons for staying away. Why will not Schley and the world let the question of the Santiago battle rest? He has just issued a book on his claims. It is well known in the Navy that the battle was won neither by Schley nor Sampson, but by the captains of the various battleships and the men behind the guns. Will the world never get beyond the primary class in history or in supposing that the Napoleons and the Caesars, the Von Moltkes and the Kurokis win the battles. It is really time that the common soldier and the common sailor were having their due, or better still, let the world have peace. Tolstoi, in his work "War and Peace" has demonstrated the littleness of even so histrionically portentious a figure as Bonaparte.

**$14 Buffalo to St. Louis and Return.**

Tickets on sale every day except Fridays and Saturdays, until November 24th. Good seven days. See local Agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.


**OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE**

# BELL BROS.

## FORMAL FALL OPENING

**THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY OF THIS WEEK**

Millinery and Cloak Departments make their formal presentation of Fall Fashions, while the entire store puts forth extra efforts to make this a style event of note.

Furniture displays are ready for inspection, together with other fall and winter merchandise.

Our heartiest invitation goes out to the public to visit our store during these display days.

**FREE RIDE TO OLEAN AND RETURN**

To all who attend our grand opening of Millinery, Cloaks and Suits, providing their purchases amount to $10.00 or over. This offer is good only in these departments.

# BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

We believe the readers of this journal believe in the advertising that place their advertisements therein. The proprietors of this journal will not accept an advertisement from any firm that uses dishonest or unfair methods.

**THE HOUSE OF PICKERING'S**

has stood on the corner of Tenth and Penn for fifteen years. We own the property and will remain there. Our children and our children's children will be in business there.

# PICKERING'S FURNITURE AND CARPETS

will be a household word when we have all passed away. We can't afford to use unfair methods. A WELL PLEASED CUSTOMER always pays his bills. That is the reason you will find us always glad to see you. We ask you to come in and take your pick of our Half Million Dollar Stock. If you cannot call then write for Catalogue. We pay the freight anywhere on earth. If you pay cash we allow 10 per cent.

Your Credit Is Good — **PICKERING'S** — 10th & Penn, Pittsburg

Please Mention this Paper.

# TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

**IKE SIMONS**

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big One Cl'l 4 St.

# Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda

with Crushed Fruits.

# EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

**BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES**
ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE,
Rochester, N. Y.
—More Positions to fill than students desiring Positions—

## Entirely New Features

apply not only to the man with the broken nose, but apply as far as we're concerned to the PLUMBING business as well. Look at the plumbing of a house of a few years and compare it with plumbing of a house we've recently done. At every turn there's a new feature and what's more the new work is entirely sanitary. Its a risk to let your old plumbing stand as it is. We'd like to figure with you on the "new features" in the business and save sickness and doctor bills.

**EDGAR W. STRONG,**

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

**RAILROAD WATCHES**

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and fear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

**KERR**

Main St. Smethport

# OCTOBER

is pretty well advanced. Our crop of FALL SUITS is the finest in our history. The richest plums drop first.

## Get the New Fall Suit Now

There is a dash and style about our garments that appeals to every man who enjoys the appearance of success. And the appearance of success often leads it.

**We believe we have the best $10 SUIT in town.**

**We believe we have the best $12 SUIT in town.**

**We believe we have the best $15 SUIT in town.**

**Come and see if you don't believe as we do.**

**H. W. RUBIN,** SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

**.....WE STILL GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.....**

I have just received for your inspection my new line of

# FALL DRESS GOODS

in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over.

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

**WALKING SKIRTS**

made up of the latest cloths.

Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

# D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

October 4, 1904.

*PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR*

## Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

**SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS**

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

***Satistaction Guaranteed.***

# G. W. Shillenn,

**The Leading Tailor**

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

## Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

**Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles**

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

**McCOY'S DRUG STORE**

## It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

**"See Sloan First."**

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

# PRINTZESS

## TAILORED COATS, SUITS AND SKIRTS.

THE NEWEST STYLES

Butcher Coats

Tourist Coats

Tourist Suits

We have the finest line out at prices to suit all **$5.50 to $39**

If its a Fur you want we can save you money. See our Sable Fox at **$5.98**

**The Lindholm Company**


would be surprised if we knew some of the youngsters who are acquiring the habit of stealing, as some of them were from very respectable families. Every parent should put forth his or her best effort to stop this terrible practice.

—H. W. Rubin will open an exclusive shoe store in the Odd Fellows' block, one door east of his clothing store, on or about October 15th. It is Mr. Rubin's intention to put in a first-class line of footwear for men, women and children and conduct a modern shoe store.

—"The Price of Honor," a very interesting play, was presented at the Lyceum last Thursday evening. The house was well filled and the audience highly pleased with the play. Every character was well taken, some being unusually good. As a whole "The Price of Honor" was far above the average show of this kind.

—The Smethport football team will play its first game for this season at Emporium Saturday afternoon when they will test titles with the strong eleven of that place. We have good material here for a strong team and as they have been practising quite regularly we hope they will make a good showing in their first game. However, as this will be their first chance to line up against opponents, and a number are green players, they should not be discouraged if they meet defeat.

### Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kerr were Bradford visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter, Alberta, were in Olean Tuesday.

H. L. Wilson of Glassboro, N. J., was visiting friends in town this week.

Attorney W. L. Calkins was down from Mt. Jewett on business last Saturday.

W. A. Leonardson of Kane spent Sunday in town the guest of F. G. Lindholm.

Mrs. O. H. Goodsell and Miss Martha Friend left for their home in Salamanca Wednesday.

Mrs. Amelia Digel returned Saturday from a week's visit with St. Marys relatives and friends.

Miss Sadie Conley has returned from a visit with friends at Kane, Bradford and Johnsonburg.

Albert Servatius is visiting his parents in Bradford. He has practically recovered from his recent illness.

Mrs. Arthur W. Cutler, who has been visiting relatives in town, has returned to her home in Oneonta, N. Y.

F. M. Adams of Ceres was in attendance at court this week and made this office a pleasant call on Monday.

M. A. Keefer, our big first baseman, left last Thursday for Lancaster, Ohio, where he will be employed this winter.

Mrs. M. M. Coleman, who has been visiting friends in town for several days, has returned to her home in Glen Falls, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Seger have returned to their home in New York after a brief visit here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis of Marion, Ind., and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Tweed and children of Punxsutawney are guests of Mrs. C. J. Duntley.

Miss Della Merwin of Cleveland, Ohio, has returned to Smethport and is employed in the millinery store of Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.

Harry Hallman, who is a sailor on board the U. S. S. Maine, is home on a short furlough visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hallman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCarthy and Miss Kane, who have been visiting Smethport friends for some time, returned to their home in Pittsburg last Thursday.

Mrs. E. A. Riggall and son, Clark, and Mrs. A. S. Moorehouse of Smethport were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Van Curen Tuesday and Wednesday. They returned home to-day accompanied by Mrs. Van Curen.—Bolivar Breeze.

Israel Burt of Burtville was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. George Hackett, last week and during his stay in town made us a pleasant call. Mr. Burt is 89 years of age and the oldest man in Potter county who was born in that county. He is strong and healthy for a man of his age and we hope he will enjoy many years of life and activity.

### Duke Center Woman Honored.

At the recent convention of the General Grand Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, held at St. Louis, Pennsylvania was honored by the election of Mrs. Rata A. Mills of Duke Center, as Right Worthy Associate Grand Conductor of the General Grand Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star. Delegates were present from every state in the union and from all foreign countries, and the election of Mrs. Mills to that important office in the general grand chapter is a high tribute to that lady, who has with great ability filled the position of grand secretary of the order in this state for the past nine years. The present year is the first in which the order in the state of Pennsylvania has been represented to the general grand chapter, and on this occasion 11 delegates were sent to the convention.

### Olean Centennial Parade.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the Olean Centennial Celebration on Parade Day, October 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Olean, good on that date only, from Port Allegany, Bradford, Arcade, Fillmore, and intermediate stations, at single fare for the round trip (minimum rate, 25 cents). Special trains will leave Olean on October 7 at 10:00 p. m. for the above mentioned points.

Excursion tickets will also be sold on October 6 and 7, good for return passage until October 8, inclusive, from Emporium Junction, Arcade and intermediate stations, Bradford, Warren and intermediate stations, and Cuba, Portage and intermediate stations at reduced rates.

### Wanted

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-6t

**$42.50 Buffalo to the Pacific Coast**

Via the Nickel Plate Road. One way Colonist tickets on sale daily from September 15th to October 15th. For full information see your local ticket agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

LOST—A ladies brown leather purse containing some money and visiting cards of Mrs. Charles J. Parsons. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Mrs. C. J. Parsons, Ormsby, Pa.

Potato Crates, guaranteed correct measure, made so they will telescope 3 in a bundle. Only 15c. each. Holmes & Gilfillan.

FOUND—A pocketbook containing a sum of money. Inquire of B. J. Cummins, B. B. & K. depot.


MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

# FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

**QUILTS.** PERFECTION BRAND.

It's high time to secure your supply of comforts for the cold nights soon to prevail. In the "Perfection Brand" we offer a comfort of the home made sort—generous sizes, pure white cotton made by special process into one great quilt size sheet which does not separate and wad up like the common sorts. They are made from good grade silkolines in beautiful patterns and are nicely knotted. They will satisfy. All prices.

**BLANKETS.**

Susquehanna Woolen Mills make blankets famous for quality. We have them in Plaids, Plain Colors and White in all wool and cotton mixtures in sizes 10-4, 11-4, 12-4. Prices from $2.00 to $7.50.

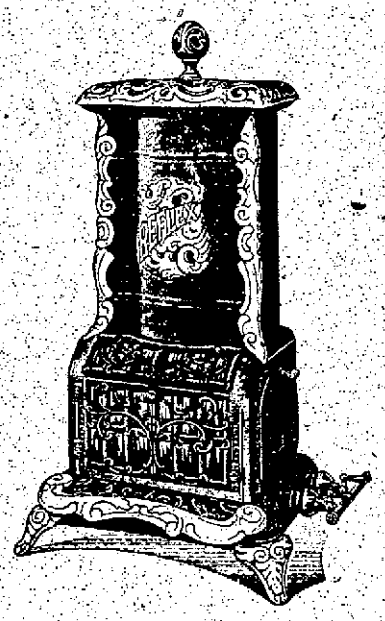
COTTON FLEECED BLANKETS.

Exceptional values from 55c to $1.75.

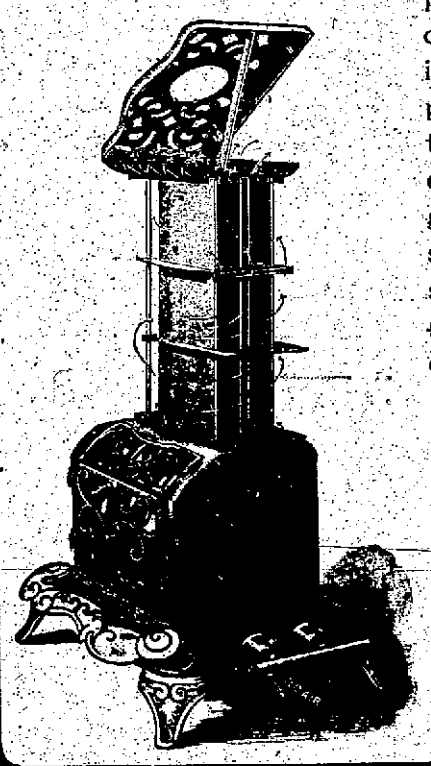
**FRY & COMES.**



# THE REFLEX.



The lower CUT shows very plainly the special interior construction of the REFLEX GAS HEATER This construction points out both Efficiency and Economy. The very large area exposed for radiation is the strong and simple feature of the superiority of the REFLEX over all previously constructed gas heaters. Reference to the cut showing sectional view of the heating drum illustrates the long passages for hot air circulation, so constructed that a complete warming of the cold air from the floor is produced with a minimum consumption of gas. The mica surface in the combustion chamber secures the greatest possible radiation from that section. The bottom of the stove is so made that heating the floor directly underneath to the point of danger is avoided.



The REFLEX is made in four sizes We have all four sizes in stock. We want you to see this line before buying a heater.

**REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.**



# IT IS NOT A BLUFF

With us when we say we are headquarters for

## Guns, Ammunition and Hunters' Sundries of all kinds

We know we have a stock that will meet the requirements of the most exacting sportsman. Just give us one trial and you will be satisfied all time to come that WE ARE IT.

**WE WANT YOUR TRADE**

## HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK



# DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

**DIAMONDS** — **WATCHES**

WATCH REPAIRING
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7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.



## An Elegant Display of New Fall Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings

Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29 and 30,

At this opening you will see the season's latest novelties in Millinery. A beautiful display of Trimmed Hats; all the latest styles and shapes. A new lot of Ready-to-Wears just received making the assortment very large and complete.

Also, will show an elegant line of new shirt waists and the latest styles in walking skirts for fall wear.

**MRS. A. E. HINMAN**



## New Fall Goods

Coming in every day. Fall and Winter Underwear, Outing Flannel Night Dresses, Underskirts, Zephyr Goods, etc. The most correct shades in Veilings, new novelties in Fancy Combs, Neckwear, Belts, Ribbons, Purses and many other new goods. Also handle the Henderson and Kabo Corsets.

Bell 'Phone.

**M. L. BISETT,**

THE CITY STORE.



**McKean County Miner**

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 6, 1904


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Teachers' Institute will be held the week of Nov. 7.

—Fry & Comes' space tells of quilt and blanket bargains.

—The dance at the hose house last night was well attended.

—See "Old Si Stebbins" at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening.

—The new I. O. O. F. hall at Rew City was dedicated last Friday evening with appropriate ceremonies.

—Mrs. T. F. Hungiville and Mrs. Mary Hussey gave a card party to a large party of friends Monday evening. Refreshments were served.

—"Old Si Stebbins" will be the attraction—at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening. Everybody should see this clever rural comedy drama.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday morning the pastor will speak on "The Spiritual Commonwealth." His evening subject will be, "Our Judgment of Others."

—As yet the scale for the snappers in the window glass factories in the mountain district have not been settled. On Tuesday a committee from the manufacturers and Snappers' Association met in Bradford but no settlement was made. Another meeting will probably be held in the near future. It is not expected that this difficulty will prevent the factories starting on Oct. 15.

—Mrs. George Hackett has purchased the Dairy Kitchen Cafe on Main street and will conduct the same in the future. Mrs. Hackett has the reputation of being an excellent cook and we wish her success in her new venture.

—An Indiana farmer went to Chicago this week, sold his wheat and purchased the St. Louis fair buildings, to be turned over to him at the close of the fair, for $75. Later he discovered he had been buncoed and the sharper is in jail.

—W. J. Kerr has purchased of J. A. Holder his stock of jewelry and the business and good will, and will combine the two stores in the building occupied by Mr. Holder. This will give Mr. Kerr one of the best jewelry stocks in this section of the country.

—According to reports from some of our merchants they are being troubled considerably by shoplifters. The articles taken are of little value but nevertheless amount to considerable in the aggregate. Those who have been caught so far are real young girls and for that reason no arrests have yet been made, but if the practice continues an example will have to be made. One merchant said to the writer Monday that we would be surprised if we knew some of the youngsters who are acquiring the habit of stealing, as some of them were from very respectable families. Every parent should put forth his or her best effort to stop this terrible practice.

—The great rural play, "Old Si Stebbins," which comes to the Lyceum next Wednesday evening is a show that has pleased theatregoers for a number of seasons and the press and public speak in glowing terms of it. The company is headed by that famous Yankee character comedian, Dan Darleigh, who is supported by a strong cast. Watch for the farmer band at noon.

—On Monday Mrs. Caroline Washburn of East Smethport reported that her home had been broken into and a sum of money stolen. Entrance was gained through the rear door. This is not the first time, according to her story, that her home has been burglarized and she suspects local talent. In all she claims to have lost about $30 in money besides a watch and other valuables.

—The large window glass plant of the W. R. Jones Company at Morgantown, W. Va., burned Tuesday night, with a loss of $65,000, with $34,000 insurance. The plant had just resumed after a two months' shut-down, and probably will not be rebuilt. The origin is unknown. At the time the fire was discovered the entire factory seemed to be ablaze. Five box cars of the Baltimore & Ohio, on the factory siding, were consumed. This is not the factory at Morgantown in which Smethport parties are interested.

Sleeve Ironing Boards and Sleeve Irons, just what you have been wishing for. Holmes & Gilfillan.

# Miss Mitford's Sacrifice

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by Keith Gordon

Just around the first corner of the small square table sat a slight woman whose dark eyes met young Barton's exploring glance with a smile lurking in their depths, and whom, with the arrogance of youth, he promptly catalogued in his mind as "old." Around the next corner and directly opposite him the figure of a June-like young creature appeared, silent and impressive as the facade of a handsome building. At his left a dapper middle aged man, whose hair showed a shameless tendency to retreat by the back way, was eating his soup in a severely businesslike manner.

Neither the young lady nor the little man showed the slightest ripple of interest in the stranger at the table, and with the chagrin of a warm nature whose open friendliness has been silently declined, his wandering glance came back to Miss Mitford.

The demure smile in her eyes seemed to have deepened, and whether it meant sympathy or amusement was an open question. At any rate Stuart Barton reversed his decision and decided that she was not very old after all and that she undoubtedly understood.

He had heard of people so congenial that they were old friends before they had time to become new acquaintances. Before the meal was over he was convinced that Miss Mitford and he were persons of that description. To be sure, they spoke only in platitudes, but there was a raillery in her soft eyes and in the smile that played about her lips which seemed to answer his keen but unexpressed derision of their conventional companions.

When you are young, eager and ambitious and have come to New York to "rise" you have an aching need of intelligent, sympathetic companionship. Before a week was past Stuart Barton began to find Miss Mitford's society as necessary to his comfort as sleep or food.

She listened to his arrogant, boyish views of men and things with an interest which had not always been accorded them and which did not fail of its effect. After the jaded, cynical opinions of older men she really found them as exhilarating as wine. Always they parted with a grudging sense of breaking off at the most interesting point, with a parenthetical "To be continued," like a serial story.

More than once she had surprised amused glances on the faces of other boarders, and she was far too acute not to interpret their meaning accurately. But she remained tranquil, too happy and engrossed to care what the common, conventional herd might think.

"I suppose you know that they are saying all sorts of things about us?" she said to him one evening, when Miss Selwyn's behavior at dinner had amounted to nothing less than a reprimand.

Then she went on mercilessly: "They probably say that I am leading you on, that I am old enough to know better, that I am a designing old maid and a few more nice things of that sort. I want you to know all about it, because I am a lot older than you, sixteen long years of 365 days each."

She paused, with a queer, breathless feeling that was an unpleasant surprise to herself. She waited for his answer as if her life hung upon his words.

"Dother your age!" he laughed gayly. "Your eyes are as young as—as"—he hesitated, casting about for a simile—"as Miss Selwyn's. Indeed they're a good deal younger, and so is your mind. Your age is just right. It is I who am beastly young. Don't ever mention it again, for I feel like a mere kid when you talk like this."

Having disposed of the suggestion in this summary manner, he began to talk of other and pleasanter things, and before long Miss Mitford's clear laugh was ringing out like a girl's. Miss Selwyn was passing through the hall, heard it and wondered in a vaguely nettled way what Mr. Barton saw in that old maid. There were times when she half regretted her hauteur to the young stranger. His eyes certainly were fine. Besides, it touched her pride that a man should deliberately turn to another woman when she was at hand, the fact that the woman was her senior and no beauty only made the offense more heinous.

By degrees, therefore, her manner toward him changed, thawing slowly, but surely, like ice before the spring sun. But, though she melted, Barton was politely indifferent, and Miss Mitford looked on with a keenly feminine appreciation of the byplay. She felt that the siren was singing to her knight in vain, and she rejoiced with true womanly exultation.

"What possesses Miss Selwyn—that's what I'd like to know?" that gentleman blurted out as they were swinging along through the park together one day. "She used barely to speak to me, and now butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. She's so blamed pleasant she worries me. It doesn't seem natural."

For reply Miss Mitford stopped short and fixed her eyes upon him expressively. His color rose, and he looked rather confused.

"You don't mean"—

"Yes, that's it," she replied, nodding maliciously. Then they both laughed merrily after the manner of irresponsible young things who laugh from mere joy until she abruptly remembered that in a woman of thirty-eight such behavior was shockingly frivolous, and resolving to be more dignified she grew suddenly pensive.

It was a soft April day. The tender greens and misty grays of the park were like a wistful promise of beauties to come. In the air the damp, earthy smells of early spring floated, the sweet breath of the soil as it awakened from its winter trance.

With a sigh of enjoyment she seated herself on one of the green benches, and Barton took his place beside her. For some moments they sat gazing at the scene before them in dreamy silence, taking in long whiffs of the soft air with sensuous delight. The blurred, faint loveliness of it all bespoke fairyland.

He did not speak, but she knew that he was watching her intently. With a sort of helpless, bewildered dismay she realized that she was flushing like a schoolgirl. "A woman of thirty-eight," she taunted herself savagely, "thirty-eight, thirty-eight, thirty-eight!" But it was no use. She flushed and flushed until she longed wildly for an earthquake, for any deliverance that would rescue her from the absurdity of her position. But none came, and with lips that quivered with annoyance she tried to form some diverting, impersonal remark.

A big, firm hand closed over hers, and Stuart Barton looked down at her like a triumphant young god.

"I know what you are going to say," he began, "but it's no use. I love you, and I'm old enough to know my own mind. This is an exceptional case, and there's no use of your tormenting yourself and me by bothering about outrages. I am certainly going to marry you, so you might just as well make up your mind to it."

He paused for breath, and, though she eyed him in disdainful silence, a dangerous excitement, a triumphant happiness, danced in her blood, and she dared not trust herself to speak.

"You love me—you know you do, Alice," he resumed exultantly, and at the protest that she tried her best to make convincing he only laughed indulgently. With a shock it came to her that he was right. She did love him. When she spoke a moment later her voice was very low and tense.

"We won't talk of it any more now, Stuart," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "but a year from now, if you feel the same—no, don't interrupt! You think you will, but you don't know. Don't you suppose it is hard for me?" And she looked straight in his eyes with an expression he thought to remember always. But youth has ever a poor memory, and a year contains 365 days.

"I'm going away immediately," she continued, with a little break in her voice, as she realized what life would seem without him. "For a year I shall drop out of existence, so far as you are concerned. But at the end of that time"—

* * * * * * * *

A year had passed and another had begun before Stuart Barton found himself again in that particular part of the park. As before, he was accompanied by a lady, young, proud and superb looking, and as they seated themselves on the identical green bench that he had occupied on a former momentous occasion he awaited anxiously for the reply that she had promised him. Later, the first flurry of excitement over, she looked at him with an inquiring face.

"You were awfully attentive to that Miss Mitford last year," she remarked tentatively. "I always wondered what you could see in a woman so much your senior."

Consternation seized Barton. Now he knew why the spot had vaguely haunted him; why it reminded him of something once vivid, but now forgotten. His face went pale.

"She was a lovely woman," he said quietly.

* * * * * * * *

"She doesn't know that I gave him to her," murmured Miss Mitford when she heard of her truant lover's engagement to Miss Selwyn. Then as two tears brimmed up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks she exclaimed emphatically, "You idiot!" and then her face went down to her hands.

### The Rainfall.

There is always more or less guesswork concerning the amount of rain that falls during any storm period. Throughout the United States the amount that falls on any one day rarely exceeds one inch. There are certain portions of the globe, however, that are frequently and others only occasionally deluged with water. On the southern slope of the Himalaya mountains, at an altitude of 4,500 feet, 610 inches of rainfall have been registered in a single year, of which amount 147 inches (12 feet 3 inches) fell in the month of June. At a meteorological station in latitude 18 degrees, near the western boundary of Hindustan, the average rainfall for fifteen years was 254 inches. In the northwestern part of England, at an altitude of 1,500 feet, the average annual rainfall is 146 inches.

The wonderful record given above is still more phenomenal when we consider the fact that all the moisture the atmosphere is capable of holding at any one time would cover the entire surface of the globe to a depth of less than four inches should it all be instantly precipitated.

### The Wise Widow.

"John said ef I ever married ag'in his ghost would come back an' haunt me," said the widow.

"You reckon he'll be as good as his word?"

"I ain't a bit afeared of it. I've got two tons o' granite over him an' a spiked steel railin' all around. John's thar to stay!"—Atlanta Constitution.


## SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.


# ROMANCE IN A BANK

## A TOUCH OF HUMAN NATURE IN THE WHIRL OF BUSINESS.

**How the Cynical Old Skinflint of a Cashier Obliged the Wife of a Depositor and Was Amply Repaid by the Light of Gratitude in Her Eyes.**

The cashier sat at his desk, wondering what he had better do about that Jones note. He felt sure that Jones was on the square, but—

"Excuse me. Is this the cashier?"

It was a pretty woman of thirty who spoke. She was well dressed, and there was that about her which caused the cashier to look a second time.

"Yes, madam."

"I am Mrs. Jenkins. My husband has an account here. He'll be in pretty soon to draw some money. I don't want you to let him have it."

The cashier looked a third time at his caller. This time he stared hard, and the little woman on the other side of the railing looked down at the tesselated floor.

"But it is his account, madam. If he wants to draw some money I can't stop him."

"My husband is the best man in the world," the woman said. "For 360 days in the year he is good and kind to me—he is always good and kind—but, then, once in a long while he gets—that is—he isn't—oh, you know!"

"Yes, I guess I know," said the cashier.

"And I don't want you to let him have any money. I know it is his money, but if he doesn't get the money, if he just stops to think a minute, he will"—

"I'll see what I can do, madam," said the cashier.

"Thank you, sir," said the woman simply and went away.

The cashier walked over to the cage of the paying teller and picked up his sheet on which was written the list of depositors. After the name of Mr. Jenkins, the husband of the woman who had called on him, he wrote:

"Stop payment on this account until my O. K. is secured." Then he signed his name and called the paying teller's attention to the notation.

An hour later Mr. Jenkins came in and presented for payment a check for $900. Jenkins was an old depositor and carried a good account.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jenkins," said the paying teller, "but you'll have to get the cashier's O. K. before I can pay this check."

There was perhaps a slight odor of whisky on Mr. Jenkins' breath.

Jenkins grew angry and insulted in a minute.

"Is my account overdrawn?" he demanded.

"No, sir; your balance is $980."

"Then what do you mean by refusing to honor my check?"

"You'll have to see the cashier about that. I am acting under orders."

Jenkins stormed over to the cashier's desk. He was red in the face and furious.

"What do you mean by stopping payment on my account?" he growled.

The cashier looked up from his desk and looked the angry depositor straight in the eyes. He looked hard, and in a moment Jenkins dropped his eyes.

"You know what I mean," said the cashier slowly.

"Who told you anything about it?" said Jenkins presently.

The cashier waited a minute, again looking Jenkins straight in the eyes.

"You know who told me," said the cashier below his breath.

Jenkins turned without a word and walked straight out of the bank. Next morning he came back. His wife was with him. The couple walked up to the cashier's desk.

"I want to put my bank account in my wife's name," said Jenkins. In a purely formal and businesslike way the transfer was made. No explanations were made, and no questions were asked on either side, but as Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins walked away the woman turned and looked at the cashier.

"I'm used to being called a hard hearted and cynical old skinflint and all sorts of names," said the cashier, "but when a woman looks at me as she did this morning I forget them all. It makes me feel like I was really doing some good in the world."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Gem of the Family.

Here is a little incident which a commentator on Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" thinks is worthy of a place in that volume: A Mr. Baird, who was one of those who had made great fortunes in the iron industry in Scotland, having risen from a laborer to be worth about $10,000,000, was once dining with the Duke of Hamilton. His grace said that he had not had the pleasure of meeting any of Mr. Baird's brothers. Mr. Baird replied, "And no great loss, my lord; they're all brutes but me."

### Mexico's Floating Gardens.

The floating gardens in the lakes near the City of Mexico were recently visited by an English naturalist, who reports them a paradise and accounts for their existence. Floating tangles of peat moss, rushes and grass are caught by stakes driven into the soft lake bottom, and upon this moss rich mud from the bottom is thrown. The surface is then transformed by cultivation into a floating garden.

### Her Economical Ways.

"Is your wife economical?"

"Very. She can fix over a ten dollar hat for $15 so it will look just as good as a new one."—Puck.

When a mother has all her work done up and sits down to rest the baby discovers it and wakes and cries.—Atchison Globe.


THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.


# THE WORD "HOODLUM."

**Man and Incident From Which It Sprang in San Francisco.**

"Hoodlum," the word which has found place in the vernacular of the local lexicon, is well understood to apply to a class of objectionable young toughs who have no respect for sex, age or the rights of decent people and no sense of what is proper or becoming in the character of him to whom the epithet is justly applied—a hoodlum today, a criminal tomorrow.

While the meaning of the term is well understood by the people, few there be who know the derivation of the word and how it came to be forced into our language. It is this:

It was in 1872, when the Odd Fellows held a picnic at Redwood City. On that occasion a gang of toughs "butted in" with the otherwise orderly attendance. Among the gang who went from San Francisco was one whose name was Hood Lummix. Nature would seem to have had a farcical part in the creation of the original hoodlum, for Hood Lummix was a most peculiarly formed creature. Clumsy, big footed, with a big mouth and protruding teeth, thick lips, a big bushy head of hair of a dirty brick color, standing out like the quills on a porcupine, this almost malformed specimen, as is usual, attracted the attention of a lot of young rowdies who picked upon him as being an easy guy for a day's sport. Go where he might, he was followed by a gang who hooted and yelled and, in brief, made things unpleasantly lively during the day, but more particularly in the afternoon when the steam beer commenced to do its work.

The amusement of the gang did not confine itself to the picnic grounds. On the contrary, they went outside, broke into orchards and flower gardens, destroying valuable property, and finally wound up the day by shooting a valuable horse belonging to a rancher. This last act was more than the sheriff of San Mateo was prepared to stand, and as a result he bagged a couple of dozen of the chief offenders. When the cases came up before the justice of the peace in Redwood each and every one of the accused laid the entire blame on Hood Lummix. Poor, simple minded Hood got six months in jail, and in sentencing him the justice, who was very much displeased that he could not send the entire gang to state prison, delivered a lecture to the offenders, in which he said: "I now warn you to keep out of this county; we want no more of Hood Lummix or his gang to visit us." Hence the word became coined by dropping the last syllable of the name, making the word as now used, "hoodlum."—San Francisco Call.

## ETIQUETTE.

A letter or note should always be dated.

Politeness does not mean stiffness of manner, but, on the contrary, ease of manner.

On the visiting card the day for receiving is engraved or written in the lower left hand corner.

After one has finished eating, the knife and fork are placed close together across the center of the plate.

The old fashioned practice of folding over the right side of the visiting card to show it has been left in person is no longer observed.

Before making a call on a lady, a gentleman must first receive an invitation to do so, or he must first ask and receive her permission to come.

At the table the knife is held in the hand as little as possible, being used only when it is necessary to cut the food. For the majority of vegetables the tines of the fork may be used instead of the knife.

### Roses Old as the World.

Rose culture's beginning goes back beyond records. The flower is mentioned in the earliest Coptic manuscripts. India's traditions take the rose to the times of the gods on earth. Egypt had roses, wild and tame, before the Roman occupation made it, in a way, Rome's commercial rose garden. Yet, curiously enough, there is no reference to the flower in painting, sculpture or hieroglyphics. Japan in our time parallels Egypt. Roses flourish there, but do not serve us a motif for artists. There is this further likeness—neither Egypt nor Japan has a rose song or a love song proper.—Chicago Journal.

### Needed Another Barrel.

When Van Blumer came up from the cellar, says Harper's Bazar, he told his wife he wanted her to do him a favor. "I want you to give the cook a message for me," he added.

"What?" inquired Mrs. Van Blumer, a trifle anxiously.

"Tell her—ask her, I mean"—said Van Blumer, "not to put the broken china into the ash barrel. I really must have some place to put the ashes."

### Mutually Shy.

"So their engagement is broken?"

"Yes. They were both too shy to get married."

"What?"

"Well, you see, he was shy of money, and she got shy of him when she found it out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Repartee.

"Age before beauty," said Falstaff, as he attempted to enter before the prince.

"No, grace before meat," said the prince gently, as he pushed him from his path.—Life.

### Considerate Child.

Mother—See here, Tommy, how often do you want me to speak to you?

Tommy—I'll leave it all to you, ma. You know what's best.—Leslie's Weekly.


INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good reliable companies.


## Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Maison, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimbla, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Deylin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Flaherty, president; Miss Tacie Kaymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Defrander, H. H. Redfield, J. F. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Rauer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

## Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. PURCHON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2293, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch,
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K. L. O. T. M.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MISS JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 255, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

## Churches

*Methodist Episcopal*—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

*Episcopal*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

*All Saint's Memorial Chapel*.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elizabeth Catholic Church*.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

*First Baptist Church*.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

*Colegrove*.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

*Clermont Church*.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.


PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

# Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 23, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:15 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:22 a. m., New York 7:01 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:10 a. m., New York 9:35 a. m. week days, (10:30 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 24, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:37 a. m., New York 9:58 a. m week days, (10:30 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:35 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffal sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:35 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:10 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

| NORTH A M LV | STATIONS | SOUTH Ar P M |
|---|---|---|
| 8:20 | Ridgway | 12:01 |
| 7:40 | Johnsonburg | 11:35 |
| 7:26 | Glen Hazel | 11:19 |
| 7:07 | Straight | 11:07 |
| 6:12 | Instanter | 11:02 |
| 6:20 | Smith's Run | 10:55 |
| 5:59 | Woodvale | 10:45 |
| 5:35 | Clermont | 10:40 |
| P M | | A M |

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:15 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:35 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 8, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. M. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

# Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., Eastward West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 5:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent. A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt Buffalo, N. Y. Gen'l Supt Bradford, Pa.

# The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:43 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:47 p. m.),

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:03 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:28 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

8:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 8:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 9:08 p. m.), Coudersport (arr. 7:40 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:25 p. m.

Trains arrive—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean, 2:55 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt, St. Marys, Pa. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

# COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

| Ar. Eastward A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | STATIONS. | Ar | Dp | A.M. | P.M. | L'v Westward A.M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8.05 | 7.05 | 2.10 | Ulysses | 7.30 | 7.35 | 2.25 | 9.10 | |
| 7.50 | 6.53 | 2.10 | Crowell | 7.37 | 7.37 | 2.32 | 9.18 | |
| 7.46 | 6 | 1.57 | Carpenter | 0 | 7.39 | 2.34 | 9.21 | |
| 7.40 | 6.48 | 1.53 | Perkins | 7.32 | 7.37 | 2.35 | 9.26 | |
| 7.37 | 6.45 | 1.50 | New Bd June | 7.37 | 7.42 | 2.42 | 9.32 | |
| 0 | 0 | 1.45 | Newfield | 7.41 | 7.46 | 0 | 0 | |
| 7.05 | 6.36 | 1.41 | Gold | 7.44 | 7.49 | 2.49 | 9.38 | |
| 7.00 | 6.30 | 1.35 | Raymond | 7.49 | 7.55 | 2.55 | 9.47 | |
| 6.45 | 6.27 | 1.24 | Seven Bdg's | 8.01 | 8.05 | 3.06 | 10.02 | |
| 6.40 | 6.17 | 1.20 | Coles Burg | 8.04 | 8.09 | 3.09 | 10.10 | |
| 6.25 | 6.10 | 1.12 | Brinks | 8.12 | 8.17 | 3.17 | 10.20 | |
| 6.15 | 6 | 1.03 | N. Coudersport | 0 | 8.26 | 3.26 | 10.35 | |
| 6.10 | 6.00 | 1.00 | Dp. | Ar. | 8.25 | 3.30 | 10.45 | |
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Coudersport. | | | | P.M. | |
| 4.20 | 7.45 | 12.15 | Ar. | Dp. | 8.28 | 6.00 | 1.20 | |
| 0 | 0 | 12.13 | Hammond | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | |
| 4.05 | 7.38 | 12.09 | Olmsted | 8.33 | 8.35 | 6.05 | 1.31 | |
| 3.59 | 7.35 | 12.05 | Mina | 8.37 | 8.40 | 6.10 | 1.37 | |
| 3.45 | 0 | 11.59 | Knowlton | 0 | 8.47 | 6.17 | 0 | |
| 3.40 | 7.25 | 11.55 | Roulette | 8.47 | 8.52 | 6.21 | 1.51 | |
| 3.30 | 7.16 | 11.47 | Burtville | 8.54 | 8.59 | 6.28 | 2.01 | |
| 3.23 | 0 | 11.41 | Coleman | 0 | 9.04 | 6.34 | 0 | |
| 3.20 | 0 | 11.38 | Chem. Works | 0 | 9.07 | 6.37 | 0 | |
| 3.15 | 7.05 | 11.36 | Pt. Allegany | 9.08 | 9.10 | 6.40 | 2.25 | |
| A.M. | P.M. | A.M. | Dp. | Ar. | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. | |

6—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

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# HER HERO

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

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"There aren't any heroes nowadays, hence my own celibacy."

Nell was nineteen. "I want a real man, one that can do things."

This with a lofty scorn and a curl of her red lips as she strummed her guitar in the light of the campfire. There had been a light scud of snow during the day, and the air was chill, though it was August, but Yellowstone park is no respecter of calendars.

"I can do one thing, love the most tantalizing little witch that ever walked all over a man's heart."

Jack Stanley sprawled on the thick carpet of pine needles at her feet, glanced up half pleadingly, half quizzically into the pouting face of the small autocrat of the camp. "Why won't you marry me? Your father wishes it. I have enough"—

"Yes, I know," she interrupted hastily. "You have all the ordinary requirements—wealth, position, good looks, family," checking them off with her pink fingers, "and I suppose a reasonable amount of brains, though in our way of living they are needed so little that"— She paused suggestively.

"Well, then, what's the trouble? You haven't yet said the only thing that will send me away like the other fellows—that you don't love me—dear. As for the hero business and all that rot"—

"It isn't rot!" exclaimed Nell indignantly. "I know you think me schoolgirl sentimental. I'm not. It's just this: You men when you aren't impossible are all so much alike these days I can't differentiate. You're like your ugly black clothes, all cut by the same pattern and apparently from the same cloth. How can a woman single out one of you and feel that he is the one above all others to love and to cling to in sickness and in health"—

"'Till death us do part,'" he finished low.

"Why don't you do something to make me love you? I want to. I can't." She stamped her little mountain climbing boot hotly. "We don't get at the realness of life. A true, primitive instinct is unknown to us all. Even our pretended roughing it for the novelty of the thing is an artificial sham. We come in a special train. Our tents are filled with hair mattresses, down quilts and Navajo rugs. You must have a French valet to dress you each morning in that brave khaki suit of yours, which never saw real service and never will. My tailored short skirt came from Paris and is silk lined. Do you know my grandfather went over that old Mormon trail down yonder to the south with an ox team? And my grandmother walked beside it most of the way. I'd like to marry a real pioneer, a true history maker. That's the kind of man I could love. He'd be a hero to me if he didn't have a dollar and had never heard of the twostep."

Nell held her flushed cheeks and shining eyes for one intoxicating instant in close to his own, then turned like a flash and run back among the white gleaming tents to her own luxurious quarters, where a sleepy maid waited her coming.

The man picked up her guitar and held it lovingly like a child in his arms. It was hers, and he loved it for her sake. He knew he could feel all the "primitive instincts"—the longing for wife and child and the warmth of a home fire instead of the cold splendor of his club—but how make Nell see it and respond to it?

Long he sat there by the ashening embers, while the tall, stately pines tossed their fragrant censers and intoned their mournful chant above, and the cold moon lit up, one by one, the ghostly pillars of steam which rose day and night from the geysers and vent holes in the Fire Hole basin below.

A huge black bulk came lumbering from the deep shadows back of the camp and skulked near the commissary tent, whence presently rose a sound of falling tinware and the objurgations of the French chef as bruin rumbled away with paws and jaws sticking full of the toothsome contents of the butter tub.

As bruin's sticky footfalls padded heavily down the slope a slow grin overspread Jack Stanley's face. He stood up and blew an airy kiss to the smiling moon.

"She wants a real man, eh? Well, sweet Mistress Nell has always had what she wanted, and she mustn't be disappointed in a little matter of husbands!"

He called a servant to put out the fire, tucked the guitar under his arm and strode off to his tent, where he slept the dreamless slumber of a general whose maneuvers are all planned.

The next evening they were all grouped about the campfire, which had been replenished, mountain fashion, with whole logs drawn and stacked across its first kindling flame by a team of horses. The little party, chaperoned by Nell's mother, who drowsed on a folding easy chair, sprawled about the fire, recounting the day's adventures and the wonders of the park.

Two or three kodak enthusiasts soon rose to go to the dark tent to develop their snapshots.

"Give us a song, Nell," begged Jack Stanley, handing her the guitar. "Sing that old one—old songs are best suited to things primeval," teasingly. "So let's have 'In Days of Old, a Warrior Bold,' and all the rest of it."

"That's a man's song," retorted the girl. "But since"— The rest of the sentence was left to his imagination, and Nell bent her bright head over the beloved instrument and fingered daintily the stirring accompaniment to the old ballad. But her eyes were lifted challengingly to his when she reached the ringing refrain:

"I'll live for love, I'll live for love—and die!"

Suddenly a deep growl thundered out of the dense darkness behind them. All eyes turned startled toward a great black mass slowly emerging into the glare of the campfire. Jones and Trent beat a hasty retreat toward their tent—to get their rifles, they explained eagerly afterward—and every one was too busy then to remember that all their weapons had been sealed by the officials on entering the park.

Mrs. Carter and the other women shrieked, scattered and fled screaming to the tents, all but Nell, who was too paralyzed to move. One white hand still clung to the vibrant guitar strings. Her red lips, now paled with fear, were still parted, forming frozenly the last words of her song. Here was Jack's chance.

He seized it instantly, also a red, burning brand from the fire. With this weapon he bravely charged the shaggy animal towering above poor, terror stricken Nell.

Just as the huge fore paws reached out to clasp her in a crushing embrace—one rasping claw did scratch her tender arm, the mark of which she shows proudly to this day—Jack's gleaming firebrand fell resoundingly again and again upon the grizzly. With a roar of pain and a snarl at his antagonist the great bear released trembling Nell from his deadly clutch and amid a terrific odor of singeing hair made for the cooling river a few yards below.

"Nell, darling, are you hurt?" Jack's voice was tender with real concern as he remorsefully wiped the single red drop which oozed from the dear arm. She was clasped in a real man's hug this time, and she crept close like a fluttering, frightened bird into its nest. Her stubborn little heart melted into gratitude, admiration and love and soon stilled its tumultuous fear throbs into a rapturous answer to the manly one that beat against it.

Her trembling arms stole about his neck, and her ripe lips met his, drinking in the blessed draft of mutual love and joy.

"You are a real hero, dear, after all," she whispered.

"Then you will marry me, sweetheart?" the graceless youth asked unblushingly. The answer went so intoxicatingly to his head that it was no wonder Francois thought M. Stanley had been imbibing too freely when an hour later in the strict privacy of the cook's tent he thrust a $1,000 bill into that worthy's hand, with the remark:

"Oh, hang the expense; it's worth it!" To his conscience he said, "All's fair in love and war," a primitive motto.

The Frenchman looked joyfully at the lavish gratuity, then at the wrecked bearskin at his feet.

"Eet ees burn tres mauvaise," he chuckled. "But, as m'sieu say, eet ees worth eet!"

### One of England's Superstitions.

Among the many quaint superstitions which have survived in rural England are some interesting traditions about the building of the oldest churches. The story goes that they were, originally, intended by the medieval builders to be erected on other sites, but the stones being persistently removed during the nightime by demons to the situations they at present occupy the builders proceeded with their erections on the sites thus supernaturally selected and were not further interfered with. Though many old relics, such as stone coffins and Roman altars, have been used by thrifty farmers for drinking troughs, buttery stones and such like purposes, they have not been desecrated with impunity, and many a stone has been taken back to the place whence it came in order to get rid of ghostly visitations. In Longridge, near Preston, in Lancashire, there is a lane called Written Stone lane, from an inscribed stone which has lain there for a great number of years and which none of the villagers care to move. It is about eight feet long, two feet wide and eighteen inches deep and bears on it the following inscription in deeply incised characters: "Ralph Radcliffe laid this stone to lie forever. A. D. 1665." Why Ralph Radcliffe laid this stone no one now knows, but it is regarded with mysterious awe by the inhabitants.

### Incubation In the Desert.

Many a person who has watched a mother robin nestling patiently on her eggs in a blossoming apple tree has wondered how the little creature of her ancestors ever learned that that long process would cause the eggs to hatch. A greater puzzle is set for them, says the author of "The Land of Little Rain," in the great desert. Where the same birds have learned to cool their eggs instead of warming them.

In the unsheltered nests on the sandy plains it becomes necessary to keep the eggs from cooking. One hot, stifling spring in the Little Antelope a traveler had occasion to pass and repass the nest of a pair of meadow larks, located unhappily in the shade of a very slender weed. The birds were never sitting except at night, but at midday they stood or drooped above the nest, half fainting, with pitifully parted bills, spreading their wings between the sun and the eggs. Sometimes both of them together, with wings spread and half lifted, maintained a spot of shade in a terrific temperature.

Their patience was in this case rewarded, for the compassionate traveler at last spared them a bit of canvas, which she mounted over the nest as a permanent shelter.

## OMENS GOOD AND BAD.

### The Folly of Believing In Unlucky Days and All the Rest.

When fortune tellers swindle the poor and ignorant we should make them suffer smartly for it. Certainly the ingenuity of a professional fortune teller is in itself educative. The craft with which she throws out veiled hints, the subtlety with which she pounces upon any lucky shot and the diplomacy which she uses to extort confessions are often magnificent.

Observe the rapt, far away look with which she asks you abruptly, "Who is Ethel?" There is a possibility that you know some one of that name, in which case the odds are that you will afford her some clew for intelligent anticipations. If, however, you indignantly deny any such acquaintance she can always fall back upon the very safe statement that the name will be familiar to you later on.

Such procedure reminds us of the famous dodge of Disraeli, who, whenever he met a man whom he did not know, but felt he ought to know, inquired suavely, "How is the old complaint?"

Playing this little comedy one day in Pall Mall, he was met with the disconcerting reply: "Complaint! I never had an ache or a pain in my life." Whereupon he put his head on one side and said, with a sympathetic sigh, "Ah, I meant the wife." The secret of the success of most charlatans is that if they go on dunking a sufficient number of shots some of them are bound eventually to hit the mark.

We remember the case of a clairvoyant who told a fair client that two good spirits were watching over her and that their names were Juliet and Jane. The visitor stoutly declared that there were no such persons. But when she came home and told her mother of the episode she was reminded, to her amazement, that those were indeed the names of two sisters who had died in infancy.

Fortune telling, we should say, is a harmless pastime so long as it is not taken seriously. But what about educated and most respectable folk who take it very seriously? We are accustomed to pity Dr. Johnson because he could not pass a lamppost without touching it, but what shall we say of people who dress important enterprises on days which they imagine to be unlucky, who deliberately make themselves the sport of chance or relish their recipe to designing adventurers?

We would not fly in the face of ancient beliefs, the origin of which may have been forgotten, nor do we forget that the founders of Thirteen clubs have often perished miserably. But the person who really cares about omens, unlucky days, upsetting salt and all the rest should know that he is a fool.—London Spectator.

### A Chinese Story.

"There was once upon a time a very unfilial son," said a Chinaman. "So disobedient was he that if his father told him to go to the east he would go to the west; if his father told him to go to the west he invariably went to the east. All his life long he had been disobedient. At last the old man, as he lay on his deathbed, greatly feared that his undutiful son would not take the trouble to bury him in a favorable spot. After much cogitation he thought of a plan for insuring what is of such vital importance in Chinese eyes. 'If I die,' he said, 'you must bury me in the water.' The father concluded that, in accordance with his usual line of conduct, the son would do the exact opposite of what he was told. So, after congratulating himself, no doubt, on his astuteness in arranging to get buried in a good place on dry land, the old man died. But, alas, his admirable scheme failed. After the father's death the young man said to himself: 'All my lifetime I have disobeyed my father. Now that he is dead I will obey him this once.' So, in scrupulous obedience to the dying injunction, he buried his father in the water."

### Too Complacent.

Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, seemed incapable of caring for himself when moved by consideration for others. His exaggerated acquiescence in what he thought a constructive obligation is illustrated by the last sitting he gave to Millais, who painted his portrait.

The studio was cold. Mr. Grote had removed his overcoat and presently felt sensibly chilled. Yet he did not complain nor resume his overcoat.

"Why did you not say you were chilled?" asked Mrs. Grote when she learned the circumstances.

"I did not like to appear to reproach Mr. Millais for letting the fire go out."

"Well, but there was your thick overcoat?"

"Yes, but I did not know if he would like me to put it on."

"What could one do with a man so incapable of caring for his own absolute necessities?" remarks Mrs. Grote in her "Personal Life" of her husband. "Had I been present, it is superfluous to say, all these scruples would have gone for nothing."

### Drying an Umbrella.

When you come in out of the rain don't plump your nice silk umbrella ferrule down into the umbrella stand unless you want to ruin it. That lets the water and tiny specks of grit run down into the lining under the iron ring that secures the ribs, and it stays there, making the silk tender and rots it. Neither should you leave the umbrella open to dry, as that stretches the silk and makes it stiff, and it will soon split. Shake it well, then close it and stand it handle down where the water will run off. Never set an umbrella or parasol away tightly folded. It will split out just as soon again. Leave the folds to lie loosely.

## The Second Violin

By OTHO B. SENGA

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The girl with the violin, standing before the great box of orchids, sighed heavily.

"Oh, dear, why is everything in life so unsatisfactory?"

"My dear Kara," said the woman who read stories, "I hope you don't consider those magnificent orchids 'unsatisfactory?'"

"No, no; they are beautiful, but"—

"Perhaps it is the giver," suggestively.

"No, Mr. Coleridge is all that a man might, could, would or should be—except—only"—

"Don't tell me unless you wish, Kara," said the other kindly. "I have no desire to pry into your affairs."

"But I do wish!" cried Kara desperately. "Oh, Miss Fairlie, you think I care for nothing but my violin, but there was some one—in Switzerland—I thought he cared—but he never said so."

"But he writes to you?"

"Not now. I have not heard for nearly a year. He was hardly more than a boy, and he may have forgotten. If I only knew"—

"Do you mean," Miss Fairlie said gently, "that if you knew he did not care you could be glad of the orchids—and Mr. Coleridge?"

"I'm not sure of that, but I cannot be happy in even accepting the orchids when I think of Ulrich. Ulrich would bring me snow flowers, with the breath of the cold and the light of the stars upon them. These—they oppress me—they seem to speak of heat and of—money."

"They mean money," said Miss Fairlie gravely, "but they probably mean much more than that to the giver. If they mean only that to you"— And a little icy note unconsciously hardened her voice.

The other did not notice.

"I am grateful to him for these and for all his kindnesses. He has offered his carriage for tonight. Mrs. Gray is to chaperon me, you know."

"Oh, yes, tonight is the Bardner concert. I hope it will be a great triumph for you, Kara. And perhaps, dear little girl, perhaps some of your doubts may be settled for you tonight."

"I wish you and Kathleen were going," wistfully.

"My dear," and a slight trace of bitterness crept into the even tones, "when you are Mrs. James Coleridge you will likely be invited to many affairs that are entirely out of my life. You are going to play something of your own tonight, aren't you, Kara?"

"Yes; that one for two violins. The Ranz des Vaches comes in from the distance, you remember."

"Yes, I remember. It is beautiful."

"It is not entirely my own composition, Miss Fairlie. Ulrich wrote the solo for the first violin, and he used to play first in that when we were studying together. I play first now, of course, and Signor Alboni will take second."

"I prophesy a most gratifying success, and, Kara, I am deeply impressed with the feeling that much more than success—happiness—will come to you tonight. Go now and dress before your carriage comes."

"She is just what he ought to have," mused Miss Fairlie when the girl had gone, "beautiful, gifted. How proud he will be of her. See, the unappreciative child has forgotten the orchids!"

The exclusives at the Bardner concert softly tapped their gloved fingers in delight. The Bardner affairs were always so charmingly unique.

"She has some foreign nobleman here tonight," whispered one bedraped dame to another. "Italian, I think. He has consented to play here, a wonderful violinist."

The nobleman was introduced with many flourishes—the Baron Jomini, who had consented to honor, etc.

He played magnificently. Mr. Coleridge watched the girl with the violin. She seemed as unawed as if she were at home, and he sighed relievedly.

"She is a thoroughbred," he whispered to Mrs. Gray.

"She is a thoroughly good girl," returned that lady somewhat sharply. She fancied—Coleridge's expression rather "horsy" and hardly approved.

The great Mrs. Bardner swelled with pride at the sensation created by her handsome young player.

"An importation, if I may so express it, of my own," she announced quite audibly to the satellites circled about her.

She swooped down upon Kara with her most frigid air.

"At the last moment, Miss Venn, that wretched Alboni sends the word he is ill. So very annoying on his part! In order to give you an opportunity to play I will ask Baron Jomini to play with you, but of course you must give him the first part. I could not ask so great a musician to play second to any one."

"But, Mrs. Bardner, I could not permit any one else to play first violin in this composition under any circumstances," Kara protested firmly.

Mrs. Bardner stared at her, coldly incredulous.

"You evidently do not understand. If I can prevail upon Baron Jomini to play first violin your composition will have a chance to be heard—otherwise"— And a scornful shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence.

The great violinist listened to Mrs. Bardner and went at once to Kara's side.

"I am pleased to play with you, madame," he said with simple courtesy and took the music from her shaking fingers. "Which part, madame?"

"You are kind to play at all," she responded earnestly, "and of course I must give you the first"—

"But you would like to play that yourself?" smiling down on her.

"I would," she answered quietly. "You cannot understand it, of course, but that part belongs to—to some one else, in a way that I cannot bear to have a stranger"—

"Enough, madame; you are first violin. Begin."

It was indeed a triumph for Kara. The velvety applause pattered on and on, and the two violinists were begged to play again.

"Can you remember 'Loved One, Ever Near?'" he whispered.

She turned a white, startled face toward him. That was Ulrich Gesner's own. How could this Baron Somebody—

"Quick, madame—the—audience"—

"I remember," slowly, half frightened.

"Play, then. I will take second."

And this time the exclusives fairly rose in their chairs to express their enthusiasm.

"Miss Venn is exceedingly fortunate," said Mrs. Bardner, "and Baron Jomini"—

"Miss Venn, madame? Did you say Miss Venn?" interrupted the baron eagerly.

"I did," returned his hostess coldly.

"I would introduce you, but"—

"We need no introduction," quickly. "We are old friends."

He turned abruptly toward Kara, who was standing with Coleridge and Mrs. Gray.

"You remember the Constantia, Kara? Do you not remember Ulrich? It is but five years"—

She put her hand in his hesitatingly. "But they said Baron"—

"The title has come to me through my great-uncle. It means nothing—to you. I hope I am still Ulrich Gesner to you."

She turned and introduced him to her friends.

"It is so strange to me to find her, Miss Venn," the younger man said, holding out his hand and looking appealingly into Coleridge's coldest eyes. "I was told a year ago that she was—married."

The firm white hand held his an instant longer than was conventionally necessary.

"If you and Miss Venn will relieve us of the carriage, Mr. Gesner, Mrs. Gray and I wish to walk a little way"—

Kara looked at him with misty eyes. How sincere and cordial he was, and how friendly of him to say Mr. Gesner instead of that strange Baron Jomini. She put out both hands impulsively.

"You are so good, Mr. Coleridge"—

He put her carriage wrap over her shoulders. "Go, little girl," he whispered, "and let nothing bar your way to happiness."

When Coleridge and Mrs. Gray reached the Octagon it was Miss Fairlie who let them in. She lingered for a moment in the vestibule after he had said good night and Mrs. Gray had turned away to remove her wraps.

"I am so, very, very sorry"— she said earnestly.

He smiled with instant comprehension.

"I thank you for your sympathy. You have been my good friend. But you do not understand—it is quite misplaced. Good night."

As she passed the parlor door she heard Kara's voice, tremulous with excitement. "Not for forty great barons would I allow a stranger to play the music of my Ulrich!"

And the stranger's soothing voice replied, "The great baron, my dearest, was very glad to play second violin to Kara Venn."

Miss Fairlie, smiling inscrutably, went up the stairs.

### Horse and Donkey.

Several municipal councilors of a large Swabian town had been indulging their humorous faculties at the expense of an honest fellow burgess who was noted for his rough and ready manners, and it seemed as though they intended at all hazards to make him the butt of their wit and ridicule for the rest of the evening. This was more than our worthy citizen could stand. He therefore emptied his glass and took his departure, not, however, without giving the councilors a riddle to solve.

"Well, now, gentlemen, as you make yourselves out to be the cleverest people in the world, just tell me the difference between a horse and a donkey?"

The city fathers thought the matter over at considerable length. One replied:

"A horse has short ears, a donkey long ones."

Other answers followed from the rest.

"All wrong," said the problem maker. When pressed for the correct answer he replied:

"A horse has never yet found its way into the council chamber, but—good night, gentlemen!"

So saying, he left the company of his abashed tormentors.—Lokalanzeiger.

### A Gimbleton Revival.

"I can remember when the name of Gimbleton was a power in the land."

"So can I. Why should you recall him?"

"Because he will soon be more famous than ever."

"Impossible!"

"No, indeed. His son is to be the fullback on his college football team."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE POWERFUL FLEA

### ITS REMARKABLE STRENGTH AND FEROCIOUS APPETITE.

This Tiny Pest Figures In Ancient Legend, Song and Story—Attempts Which Have Been Made to Tame This Samson of the Universe.

While good old St. Dominic was seated in his cell, calm and passionless, pondering upon the vices, the miseries of the world, a flea was sent to torment him, and these pestiferous little nuisances have been with us ever since, to torment saint and sinner alike.

The flea is characterized by the entire absence of wings, by having the body compressed, the legs long and stout, the coxae remarkably developed, giving great leaping power. The mouth parts are well developed and adapted for suction, all the species in the adult stage feeding upon the blood of mammals or birds. In a word, Mr. Flea belongs to the fourth order of insects, suctorea, composing the single genus pulex linnaeus. The flea is clothed in armor quite as indestructible as that of a knight of old.

Among the several species of fleas which have received the attention of the government's entomologists are the human jigger, or chique, the hen, opossum, house, bird, rat and mouse dog, cat, squirrel, spermophile, rabbit, mole, pocket gopher, sand and a number of others. Of these it is difficult to determine which gives the greater annoyance to humans. All are bad and many worse—tormentors of the most pronounced type.

And yet these jumping, biting, tickling pirates have figured in song and story. Many an old German legend, Bavarian and Swedish story and many an old French song have had the flea for their hero, and so it must be that the flea has its place. Ancient mythology relates that Orion was a giant, hunting wild beasts and, like them, very naturally coarse and unrefined. Earth, disgusted, killed him by the sting of the scorpion. Pan became enamored of his sister, and Diana, to rescue her, turned her into a flea. The flea has been embalmed in classic lore. It was considered among the gods as becoming enough to serve as a metamorphose in extremities.

If fleas could be tamed they would be profitable, but according to entomologists fleas are tamed about as much as a rattlesnake. Mouffet tells of a mechanic named Marks who made a gold chain as long as his finger with lock and key which a flea dragged after him, and there was a golden chariot which he drew likewise. Bingley mentions that a Mr. Boverick, a London watchmaker, exhibited an ivory chaise with four wheels, the figure of a man sitting on the box, all drawn by a flea. The same man afterward constructed a landau with figures of six horses hitched to it, a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, four persons inside, two footmen behind and a postilion on the fore horse, all of which were drawn by a single flea.

One is at a loss which to admire most, the ingenuity and patience of the man or the strength of the flea. Latreille tells of a flea which dragged a silver cannon twenty-four times its own weight and manifested no alarm when it was charged with powder and fired off. Rene mentions that in 1830 he saw at a fair in England three fleas drawing a carriage in the form of an omnibus, another pair drew a carriage and a single flea a brass cannon. The only way to subdue a flea is to starve him and attach a small weight to his hind leg so that he cannot jump.

That fleas are great pugilists there can be no doubt, as it has been repeatedly shown that they will fight to the death and will land such blows as would make some of our pugilists blush. If a dozen or more fleas are put in a glass jar for a day or two you will see the mangled remains of the dead and wounded as the result of close companionship. They will stand on their hind legs and buffet their opponents with the others. They roll and toss and tumble until it is painful to see the wrecks left behind. After one of these battles in a glass jar one champion lived ten days, with no antennae, one eye gone, three plates in the side smashed in and only the first joints of four legs to go upon.

But the flea even in this wretched condition was game to the last and died breathing defiance, the rays of light scintillating from his black eyes with the brilliancy of a blacksmith's forge in full blast on a dark night. His power is in his legs, and he is the most accomplished of vaulters. No position appears too difficult for him to assume. Attitude in every variety is familiar to him. He leaps upward, sideways, forward, backward and takes a dozen somersaults while you are wondering where he will light. A good healthy flea, it is estimated, can leap 200 times the length of his body. When about to leap or jump the legs are drawn up to the body as close as possible and then shot out. The flea comes down very near the spot from where the leap was taken. Every descent is nearer to the center. Of this you may convince yourself by placing a flea in a drop of red ink on a piece of white paper and letting him jump.

The flea is always hungry, his appetite is never satisfied, and he will exercise his sucker just as long as he is permitted without interruption. With him there is a "continuous performance" so far as gratifying his appetite is concerned. There is no creeping, crawling or flying insect which can approach the flea in strength, size considered. He is beyond question the Samson of the universe.—Washington Star.

### Odd.

"Divorces are multiplying."

"That's odd. I thought that their function was to divide."—Town Topics.


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# WHEN BESSIE CHURNED

By BLANCHE SEYMOUR

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Bessie Martin was the only daughter, and only child for that matter, of Farmer Martin and his wife. She had come home from the academy on her summer vacation, and at nineteen years old she was handsome enough and cute enough to turn the heads of a dozen young men between daylight and dark.

Ever since her sixteenth birthday she had been "somewhat engaged," as she expressed it, to Will Burt, son of the village merchant, and previous to her going to school he had driven out to the farm once or twice every week. Farmer Martin and his wife had looked upon it as a case of "calf love" and had neither encouraged nor discouraged, but when three years had passed in the same fashion things had

"GOOD FOR YOU, GAL!" EXCLAIMED A ROUGH VOICE AT THE DOOR.

begun to look more serious. The engagement was announced, with the consent of the parents on both sides.

Love did not run smoothly, however. Bessie wanted to put in one more term and graduate, and Will insisted on marriage in the fall. Both being quick tempered and impulsive, they had had many a small quarrel before, but on this occasion it threatened to degenerate into something serious.

Will had driven out to the farm in the forenoon to urge the matter from his standpoint, and as Bessie had that day been chased by a cow, stung by a bumble bee and fallen down the back steps she was in no mood for gentle argument. It wasn't long before the pair were at loggerheads, and when the young man left the house to jump into his buggy and drive furiously away it was with the understanding that if he never returned no hearts would be broken.

"La, me, but how silly!" exclaimed the mother as she came in from the kitchen and found Bessie kneeling on the floor, with her head buried in her lounge and sobs choking her utterance.

"Do—do—you suppose I'm going to let Will Burt boss me around as if I were a child!" exclaimed the girl as she sprang to her feet and dashed the tears away.

"I don't think he wants to boss."

"He does. He not only wants to boss, but he's selfish. I told him I'd almost been hooked by a cow, was stung by a bumblebee and had a fall, but did he sit down and hold my hand and pity me? Not a pity! He just went on to tell me that he could buy a house, and all that, and that we'd be married in October. He talked as if I had no voice in the matter."

"Oh, come now."

"It isn't as if I couldn't have forty other beaus if I wanted 'em. I don't like his saying that he's going to do this and he's going to do that, just as if he ran the earth. He knew I'd cry, when he was gone, but did he even turn to look at the house when he drove away? He knows how it hurts to be stung by a bumblebee, but when I showed him the swelling on my left arm did he say it was too bad and kiss it?"

"He probably forgot," soothed the mother as she handed over her gingham apron as a tear wiper. "I know one time when your father was courtin' me I fell off a fence and"—

"But I'm not talking about you and pa," interrupted Bessie as a fresh assortment of sobs threatened to stick in her throat. "Will Burt finds me a sufferer, and what does he do to cheer me up? Nothing. On the contrary, he makes me miserable and drives me into saying that I could marry some one better than him before sundown. I know I could, too, but I—I"—

"Well, now, you go and lie down awhile until that bee sting gets better and you git over bein' nervous. Will will probably be out here tomorrow to beg your pardon and tell you that he is awfully sorry. I'll wet a rag in camphor and put it on your forehead, and if you can sleep for an hour or two you'll be all right. Your father and I had fifty different spats afore we were married, but never a one since. Come, daughter."

The girl slept not only for an hour, but for three. She was then awakened by her mother, who explained that she and the father had to drive to town to see about some legal business and that Bessie must mind the house for the afternoon. A quarter of an hour later they were off, and, after taking a little walk in the garden and reading a story, Bessie happened to remember that the cream was in the churn ready to be beaten into butter that evening, so she decided to go ahead with it. The churn was placed near the open kitchen door, and when she first sat down she had a book in her left hand. Thoughts of Will Burt were uppermost, however, and gradually the book sank down to her lap, and she worked the dasher and reflected at the same time:

"If I hadn't been chased by a cow, and stung by a bumblebee, and fallen down the steps and rolled over among the weeds, and was feeling all bedraggled up it wouldn't have mattered, but he never pitied me, and he didn't ask to see the sting, and he wanted everything his way, and when he knew I was getting mad—and I say I won't stand it—I won't—I won't—I won't! If Will Burt doesn't come back and say he's sorry he can just go to pot, and I'll—yes, I'll marry some one else."

"Good for you, gal!" exclaimed a rough voice at the door, and she sprang away from the churn with a scream to find herself facing the toughest looking tramp she had ever seen.

"No call to git skeert, gal," he said as he entered the room and closed the door. "I was lyin' under the lodge when the old folks drove away, and I know you are alone in the house. I ain't half bad unless I'm riled. When I'm riled, then look out. Now, then, don't make any mistakes. Firstly, put some victiles on the table. Do as I say and you shan't be harmed. Do some other way and I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

The girl placed a meal on the table, and after ordering her to sit opposite to him the tramp fell to and satisfied his appetite. When he moved back from the table he said:

"Now, then, I'm goin' through the crib. I might ask you to go along and p'int out where the valuables are kept, but I shan't take any chances. I see that there are wooden bars outside the pantry window, and in there you go till the old folks come home."

Bessie entered the big pantry without a word, glad to be out of the presence of the man. He fastened the door on her and then went on a prowl through the house. There was another door, however, which he had closed, but not bolted, the outside kitchen door. He was taking his time to make up a bundle of plunder when the door was softly opened by a sturdy young man.

Will Burt had gone away angry, as many a lover has done before, but he hadn't driven a mile before he wished himself back. Out of sheer pride he drove on to the village and tried to make himself believe he didn't care, but an hour after noon he was returning over the same road. He would not call, he said, but just drive by the farm and give Bessie a chance to call him in. He had driven up and down three or four times when the silence of the house began to mystify him and he forgot his dignity and hitched his horse. As he opened the kitchen door he saw that the pantry door opposite was fastened. Crossing the room, he pulled the stick from over the catch and was rewarded by a voice saying:

"Oh, Will, but I'm so glad—so glad!"

"I—I meant to kiss that bee sting," he replied, "and I was a brute not to. In fact, my dear, I was all to blame, and I beg forgiveness, and"—

"And there's a tramp in the house!"

* * * * * * *

"Whal, I should say!" exclaimed the mother as she entered the house an hour later. "Two fond hearts have been reunited, and here's an old tramp bound hand and foot and ready to be carted to jail and leave nuthin' but happiness in this family!"

### Rock Caves as Homes.

A large number of the natives of Teneriffe dwell in rock caves at the present time, while those who have made more progress inhabit huts that resemble the caves.

The dwellings of these islanders are simply large boxes, often built if such a term can be used, on the rock. They have three completed sides without openings of any kind; the roof is practically flat, except that in the center it "dips" a little in order to catch the rain water.

The front of the hut has a door, which forms the only ventilation, and often the only means by which light can enter. This door is generally open, and the family sits either inside the hut quite close to the door or outside in the open. They usually have a kind of cellar, which is a natural or artificial excavation in the rock foundation, and in this cellar they keep a pig. Sanitation is decidedly primitive.

### Arts of the Etruscans.

In the Etruscan museum at Rome in the Villa Papa Giulia, among the objects found at Falerii belonging to the sixth century before Christ, is a skull which has the gold mounting of several false teeth fixed in its upper jaw, very similar to the mountings used by dentists of our own day. Cremation is as old as the days of Romulus and Remus. If Romulus did not cremate Remus his contemporaries certainly cremated their dead, as is shown by the graves of this epoch recently discovered in the Roman forum. Historians have been accustomed to regard the Etruscans as belonging to a primitive era of civilisation, but in some of their utensils they were astonishingly modern. Their bronze tripods for holding saucepans over lamps might have been copied from the kettle stands of the modern breakfast table except for the beauty of their workmanship.

### His Expectations Won.

Stern Parent—So you want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, have you any expectations? Young Man—Yes, I expect you will decline to give your consent, and we shall elope. Stern Parent—Take her, my son, with my blessing; my daughter requires the firm rule of a character like yours.

### Good Night.

"What are you doing there, Jennie?" shouted her father.

"I'm just saying good night to George!"

"Well, as it takes you so long I will say it for you. Good night, George."

George went so quickly that he forgot to reply.

## QUACKS OF OTHER DAYS.

### Queen Anne Was the Victim of a Tailor and a Cobbler.

Quacks and impostors have their victims in these days just as they did in our forefather's times. Even kings and queens were just as easily victimized as the most ignorant of their subjects. Queen Anne was especially gullible, and was always ready to fall down on her knees to any impostor who promised to cure her weak eyes.

William Reade, tailor, she dubbed a knight, and he used to strut about with his gold headed cane and lace ruffles, or drive in his gorgeous coach drawn by four horses, to the wide eyed wonder of the crowds who did not know what a humbug the man was.

His vanity even led him to engage a poet to sing his praises in sentely verse, although the hero of the hexameters had scarcely enough learning to read them.

Roger Grant, Anne's other favorite physician, had been a cobbler and anabaptist, but his foolish head was so turned by royal favor that he must needs have his face engraved on copper for condescending presentation to his friends.

Dr. Thomas Saffold was the king of quacks in Charles II.'s time, and, possibly on the strength of having been bred a weaver, he added the weaving of rhymes to his healing arthoes and won great fame and wealth from the union.

Saffold employed hundreds of men to distribute circulars and pamphlets describing his wonderful gifts, and his house was besieged daily by crowds clamoring for his attention and willing, many of them, to pay the most extortionate fees.

A brace of impostors of the same period were Mr. and Mrs. Loutherbourg, who professed to cure any disease by a look or a touch.

Although was another highly successful humbug, whose pills devastated Europe and made him a threefold baron.

Dr. Katterfelto was a name to conjure with in the latter years of the eighteenth century. He used to travel all over England in an enormous caravan, which he shared with a small army of black cats, and he was regarded everywhere as a wizard with superhuman powers until the mayor of Shrewsbury sent him to prison as a rogue and a vagabond.

There was one quack of whom Steele tells us who claimed that he could infallibly cure cataracts "because he had lost an eye in the emperor's service," and as evidence of his powers he produced a muster roll in which his name or his alleged name appeared.

A reverend city rector, Dr. John Hancocke, did not scruple to add to his stipend by curing fevers by the simple expedient of administering "common water," and Hubert Glass professed to cure persons who had been born stone blind and forged testimonials and signatures in proof of his claims in the most unblushing manner.—Stray Stories.

### Tramps in Switzerland.

Professional tramps have no easy life in Switzerland. By the federal statute beggars and tramps are to be treated in accordance with the laws of the canton in which they are arrested, and those of foreign nationality are to be expelled from the country. If an ablebodied man is without means, is generally in search of work and his papers are in order, he will, on application, be supplied by the police or by the intercantonal union, a private association under official patronage, with food and lodging and will, if possible, have employment indicated to him. If he cannot obtain any he will be passed on to the next town, to a relief station, to his own district or to the cantonal frontier. If he refuses work when offered he is sent to his own district to be dealt with by its council, and if the council decides that he is "work shy" he may be sent to a forced labor institution. But the police are empowered to arrest beggars without special warrant and to bring them before a competent court, which may commit them to prison.

### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 1, 1904:

J. R. Bars, Martin Clark, Mrs. Maggie Irwin, Joseph Kennedy, Miss Alice Olson 4, Frank Reed, Miss Setford.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

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### Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

### $14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good Seven days. See Local Agents, or Write R. E. Payne General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

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Via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets, and at Cleveland, on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.


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March 5, 1903

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The following prizes will be given to those among the readers of The Philadelphia Inquirer who shall most nearly predict the total vote cast at the next Presidential election, to be held Tuesday, November 3, 1904,

| | |
|---|---|
| First Prize | $2,000.00 in cash |
| Second Prize | 1,000.00 in cash |
| Third Prize | 500.00 in cash |
| Fourth Prize | 250.00 in cash |
| Fifth Prize | 100.00 in cash |
| Sixth Prize | 50.00 in cash |
| Seventh Prize | 25.00 in cash |
| 20 prizes of $10 each | 200.00 in cash |
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Read the Conditions.

This contest is based on the total vote to be cast for the office of President of the United States and will close at midnight November 7, 1904, and no coupons received after that time will be considered.

The official figures will determine the result and prizes will be awarded accordingly.

In case two or more correct estimates are received, the first prize will be awarded to the earliest one, priority being determined by the time of receipt at the Inquirer office, and the others will receive second prize, and so on in their regular order.

Each estimate must be sent in on the coupon printed daily (or a similar one cut from The Inquirer) with twenty-five cents for one month's advance subscription to the daily Inquirer.

If more than one estimate is sent, twenty-five cents additional for each one must be inclosed, the extra money being applied as further payment in advance on the sender's subscription, or at whatever other address he may wish the paper delivered. Thus, if four estimates are sent, one dollar must be inclosed in payment for four months' advance subscription to The Inquirer, or twenty-five cents for each one.

No coupons without the subscription will be entered in the contest.

Pay no money to agents or solicitors.

All coupons, together with the necessary subscription for each, must be mailed or brought to The Inquirer office for proper registration in the contest. The Inquirer will be delivered by your regular carrier or country agent, and the amount of your subscription will be sent to him by The Inquirer as your advance payment for the specified time.

Do not write in this space Date.....1904

No..... I predict that the total number of votes cast in the United States on November 8, 1904, for the office of President will be.....

Inclosed find twenty-five cents for which please (mail deliver) The Inquirer for one month to

Name.....

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.....

Send this coupon with remittance to the
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THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER,
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